

MARONIDES

O R

Virgil Travestie:

Being a new

PARAPHRASE

Upon the Fifth Book of *Virgils*
Æneids in *Burlesque Verse*.

By *John Phillips* Gent. the Author of
the *Satyr* against *Hypocrites*.

L O N D O N

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T. R.

P561M

T O

My Honoured Friend

GEORGE WHARTON Esq;
Treasurer and Pay-master of his Ma-
jesties Office of the Ord'nance in the
TOWER.

Sir,

THere is no man that puts Pen to
Paper but has so much kindness
for the offspring of his own fan-
cy, as to think it may deserve some Cla-
rity, though it be but a Blew-coat enter-
tainment. If men cavil at the Subject, as
perhaps some Pædagogues may for affron-
ting their Classic Author) tis no more
then if they should see Virgil himself
now playing at the serious game of Irish,
and by and by, turning the Tables, and tri-
fling away a little time at the idle sport of
Draughts I know it is a rudeness to inter-
rupt the serious studies of any person, but
for

546681

The Epistle

for the same person to take his own pastime
is no ill manners to himself; though as to
what relates to my defence perhaps I may
aver that he who reads the following pages
may find so much of the πολλὰ καὶ μὲν ἀντὶς in-
termix'd, as wilperadventure turn' emmore
into a serious Satyr then a jocular story.
Let others think what they please; if the
extra-vagant bowers of mine shall have
the happiness to gain your approbation, tis
what I expect. The chief reason why I make
this address to your self, being, because I
am fully perswaded, that he who has been
so true a judge of Loyalty, can be no less a
judge of Ingenuity.

So I Remain

Your Humble Servant

I. Phillips.

Maronides

OR

Virgil Travesty.

LIB. V.

WHile *Dido* in a Bed of Fire,
A new-found way to cool desire,
Lay wrapt in smoke, half *Cole*, half *Dido*,
Too late repenting Crime *Libido*,
Monsieur Æneas went his ways ;
For which I con him little praise,
To leave a Lady, not ith' mire,
But which was worser, in the fire.
He Neuter-like, had no great aim,
To kindle or put out the flame,

B

He

He had what he would have, the Wind;
More than ten *Dido's* to his mind.
The merry gale was all in Poop,
Which made the *Trojanes* all cry Hoop!
My Author tells ye they were glad,
They such a brave escape had made;
Fearing some *Hector*, raging wood
For's Mistress fate, in anger shou'd,
First Cloyster up their Wives, like Nunns;
Then geld themselves, and shave their Crowns.
They car'd not for such *Punic* Giggs,
For Whores then sold no Periwigs.
As thus they reason'd among themselves,
Safe as they thought from Sands and Shelves,
Carthage to them seem'd all in Flame,
Aeneas knew himself too blame,
Yet doubting what caus'd the mishap,
To know it would have pawn'd his Cap.
He knew his last demeanor ill,
And his departure ungentile,

That

That Groom had neither gratifi'd
Nor Maid that tuckt up his Bed-side,
And had forsook a willing Soul,
A Lady once, but now a Fool,
Strangely ore-shot to let a Looby,
So treacherously give her the go-by,
Such whims as these his thoughtful Brest,
With many a Gimcrack over-prest.
When on a sudden, loe, the Air,
That was but now serenely fair,
Choak'd with a flux of Rhume and Drivel,
Began in manner most uncivil,
To spaul upon *Aeneas* Beard,
And *Trojan* folk, whom fire had spar'd.
But when they heard the Ratling Thunder,
That Rent both Ears and Seas in sunder,
Ready to dash their Oyster Skiffs,
Like Infants Brains against the Cliffs;
The women offer'd *Jove* their smocks,
To save'em from the threatning Rocks;

The men they proffer'd Smocks and Wives,
And all, to ſave their own dear lives.
Better't had bin for us, they cry'd;
That we had bin like Herrings fry'd;
Than here to dy like drowned Rats,
Us and our Wives and little Brats.
And then they made it all their wiſhes,
That *Jove* would turn 'em into Fiſhes;
For why, quoth they, a living Gudgeon,
Is better far than a dead *Trojan*.
Good *Palinure*, a kind of Zealot,
Fitter to make a Prielt than Pilot,
For you would ſwear that he poor Pidgeon,
No Seaman was by his Religion,
Foreſeeing well the neer diſaſters,
Fell ſtreightway to his *Pater noſters*.
O *Neptune*, crying loud, quoth He,
Thou great Stat-holder of the Sea,
Ore all *Sea-Horſes*, and all *Whales*,
The chief of Major-Generals;
What

Book V. *MARONIDES, or,* 3

What ail your blubb-checkt *Aquilo's*,
To trouble thus the Waves Repose?
A knot of Hectring Dammie fellows,
Instead of Rapiers using Bellows;
Confounded Bragadochio skipjacks
That live by snatching Cloaks and Shipwracks,
Why dost thou let such Ragamuffins,
Thus rudely make our ships our Coffins.
They know full well that thou and we,
Are of the self same Family.
So that what's don to us, alas,
Your Godship chiefly does disgrace.
For why should such a shabby brood?
Abuse your Worships Flesh and Blood.
A peaceful Train, yet I assure ye,
Such as might be of a Grand Jury.
For Kindred sake Sir *Neptune* then,
Make not Sea-Souce of your Kins-Men.
Aeneas his *Mustachio's* tore,
Twas you, quoth he, by whom I swore,

Never too
late to re-
pent.

To my dear *Dido*, faith and truth :
 Come from the Chin of faithless Youth :
 With that he tweag'd his Chaps and Jawes,
 And vow'd they were the only cause :
 Why to the tune of his disaster,
 The Waves did dance, while Winds did bluster.
 Yet on my Back I bare *Anchises*,
 My Father, or the World a ly fayer,
 And sav'd him from the cruel *Greeks*,
 That else had fry'd him all in Steaks ;
 Now O ye Gods, I pray ye put,
 To the Goose Giblets the Hare's Foot ;
 And tell me why, why *pious* I,
 Must thus by you forsaken dy.
 Streight, *Palinure* he cry'd, So, ho,
 What shall we weather't out or no ?
 Pox weather it, quoth he again,
 I think the Devil is in the Main,
 I never kew such huffing tear-smocks,
 Heres fluster bluster with a Horf-pox.

A reasona-
 ble request.

By

By all the Gods both old and young ,
A little more will make me Dung.
Therefore lest we be forc'd ith' cold:
To drink more than our skins will hold ;
Ther's but one way , and that I'll tell ye ,
Not far behind us lies *Si — cilly*.
Where we shall go in *Satans* name ,
Turning our prowls from whence we came.
There lives *Acestes* now turn'd Farmer
Would we were in his Chimney-Corner ?
Rather than here to drop by handfuls
As if were the Devils windfalls.
This when *Aeneas* did perceive ,
He wip'd his Cheeks with Doublet sleeve.
For Handkerchief he had not any.
Then quo he had I Bancks of money,
Thou shouldst have them and eke my daughter
For thou hast given me cause of laughter.
Troth *Palinure* th' hast hit the nail ,
Upon the head and not the tail.

Our Souls why ſhould we hazard there ,
Where ſcarce our bodies dare appear ?
I come not here to fight the Winds,
Or rather Devils in their kinds,
Or be at mercy of the Seas ,
The mark of all their injuries.
But *Sicily's* a place by *Jove*,
That above all the World I love.
Were I to chooſe through all the Ball ,
I'de have it ſooner than *White-Hall*.
Thou never couldſt have nam'd one more,
Unleſs it be the *Promis'd Shore*.
There lies my Father old *Anchiſes*,
Secure from *Jun's* damn'd devices.
Thether lets haſten night and day.
You know wee're nere out of our way.
Having thus made a learned ſpeech,
Which made the *Trojanes* ears to itch ;
They made the ſhips ring with the noiſe ,
Of hey ! — for *Sicily*, brave boyes.

And

And by and by they saw the Isle ;
Which made 'em laugh out right, not smile,
Alceſtes was a man well born ,
And yet he thought it then no ſcorne ,
To be about a work moſt mean ;
For he was building up again ,
A Chimney , which the ſtorm had thrown ,
From top to bottom headlong down .
When on a ſuddain he eſpy'd ,
A troop of ſtrangers by Sea ſide ,
Bleſs me what's yonder, ſtraight quo *He* ,
Come they to eat up mine, or me ?
But when as they approached nigh ,
He ſaw their Arms and Colours fly ,
Their grave grand *Paw*, *Caps of a ſize* ,
And eke their Beards cut *Trojan* wiſe .
Then void of fear, and paſt all doubting ,
He fell a hollowing and a ſhowting .
They came not now, he ſaw, to fight ,
All Towns-born Children , by this Light .

Servius
ſaies they
ſmelt it,
which was
moſt like,
by reaſon it
was ſuch a
dark night.

With

With that he leapt from off the Tiles,
As some men say, at least two miles.
They were no sooner met, but hey!
Happy was he that could come nigh.
And though his eyes each one did see,
This good to be certain. Art thou, and thou alive, quoth he?
Good faith my friends, 'twas boldly done,
For all of you to visite one.
How could you think that I had room
To entertain a *Posse Come* :
But tis no matter, here ye are,
Mycene now shall know I'me Major,
I'me glad y'are come within my yeare,
Though but a Thatcher, I wont spare.
He had no Gown lin'd through with Fur,
Yet something like it, I assure;
A Bears skin lapt about his Groines,
As it was flead from the Bears loins.
Where fore-feet were, he put his Arms,
Where those behind, his leggs he warms.

Yet

Yet this same rugged justicore,
 They from his neck had almost tore.
 Toward his nape, Love was so brisk,
 Twas rumpled like a Ladies Whisk.
 So much the worse because that then,
 Muff boxes were not us'd by men.
 His Arms were sore, his joynts displac'd,
 So strong they shook, so hard embrac'd:
 At length in pitty to his wrists,
 Enough quoth he, Enough your fists.
 Less Ceremony, good my friends,
 Too much of it to Treason tends.
 Then every one to his content,
 Sheath'd up his several Complement.
 Which being done he march'd before'em,
 To's Mannor House, in great Decorum.
 Twas made of Lome, but little Brick,
 Where without much of Rhetorick,
 He bad'em welcome to his Hall.
 His House-keeper was out of call,

He

He call'd her *Bab*: but she came not:
And which was worse, the keys had got-
But twas all one, bring them but where:
Let them alone to break and tear.
There was no need to cry *Sa-Sa*,
For manners then there was no Law.
They sack't his Buttry in a moment
And on his drink ner'e stood to comment.
None were so nice to call for Glasses,
A Hatt for *March-Beer* far surpasses.
Now having while there lasted Meat,
Like Fishes drank, like Horses eat,
They call'd no Chaplains to say Grace,
But streight look out for sleeping place.
Some strew'd themselves upon the Rushes,
Some under Trees, some under Bushes:
Do'nt talk to them of your Serenes,
There's nere a one knows what it means.
Aeneas having got a nap,
By break of daylight gets him up:

And

And being resolved what to say ,
 He with a Drum, beats *Reveille*.
 The *Trojans* wake, and ere they piss,
 They Flock in heaps, and cry what's this?
 Now when the Drummer by his Drumming
 Had got them all together humming,
 He had his will; silence quo he,
 And so gets up into a Tree.
 Where, as my learned Author sayes,
 He spoke these words, or words like these:
 Faithful companions, whom by *Jove*,
 I better than my Kidnies love;
 Who from consumed *Pergamus*,
 In Shirts and Drawers scap'd with us,
 To travel over Dales and Hills,
 Unhappy sharers of my Ills.
 Tis now a year ago, not three,
 The Devil take the year for me,
 Since Death, and he'l nere leave his tricks,
 My Daddy flew, the best of Greeks.

This

This day by me so much deplor'd,
This day by me so much ador'd.
Deserves to be the top o'th' year
In *Africk*, *Europe* and else where
Greater than English day, St. *Georges*,
Or day when *Liv'ry-Gowns* fill Barges;
Greater than ere St. *Marks* at *Venice* is,
Or Quarter day, or French St. *Denis's*.
And therefore now I hold it fit,
Since here we are so happy met,
So near the place where those bones ly,
Of three times sacred memorie;
Those bones to visit and to make,
A day perpetual for their sake,
When bells shall ring o'th' English fashion,
As at Queen *Besses* Coronation.
On every vessel shall *Acestes*,
Who of our kindred now the best is,
The Father of a Calf bestow,
Or two perhaps for well you know;

He's

He's free as Harlot of his flesh,
 To morrow then, nor am I rash,
 I do intend with pomp and state,
 A mighty feast to celebrate;
 And that you may not think it small,
 No such was ere at *Grocers Hall*.
 All our own Gods we will invite,
 And if our Gossip can give light
 Of any more, wee'l have 'em all:
 When saw ye Gods, pray, at *Guildhal*?
 Then come not there with smotty noses,
 But with silk stockins, shoes and roses;
 Nor let your women there appear
 With dirty smock-sleeves, foul head-gear,
 With Cover-flut from Neck to Toe,
 As Maids to morning Lectures go.
 But let 'em come into the place,
 With *Farandine* Gowns, and pointed Lace,
 With Golden shoes, and Forehead Curles,
 As they were Daughters all of Earls.

But

But above all I charge you this,
That of clean smocks they do not miss.
If after nine-days it be fair,
No Rain descending from the Ayr,
To spoyle those Clothes I'de have you wear:
Then will I please you several days,
With Rope-dancing and Popper plays:
With Gyants and *Dutch*-women tall,
Strange Fishes, and the Devil and all:
With Fools excelling *Puncinello*,
Or *Andrew* eke that merry fellow.
I'll have a Sea-fight, but in jest,
And give rewards to them do best.
Upon the place there shall not lack
Teirces of Claret, Buts of Sack,
With heads knockt out to my great praise,
Where ye shall drink a thousand ways.
There shall be Glees, and Catches store,
Chiefly, the *Fair Lavinian Shear*.
I'll have a Pipe too in my hand,

And

And ſmoak and drink while I can ſtand : }
Ile neither ſpare my Purſe nor brains,
The mirth of that day to advance.
If this you like then ſhout my Boys.
With that they ſhout with diſmal noiſe.
Have you not heard in Winter weather
Ten thouſand Turnep-men together ;
Tearing their throats to let you know
The vertue of Long Turnep Ho !
So did the *Trojans* rend the ſky,
Though wherefore they knew not, nor why.
Now when *Æneas* and the Rout,
Had ſhouted out their monſtrous ſhout :
He would have preſently ſpoke on,
But could not, for his breath was gon.
Streight having clear'd his throat from flegm,
With a ſtout Hauk, and Pulpit Hem,
To ſhew his witt was nothing feeble,
He broke'm many a pretty Quibble,
And coax'd'm up with many a wheedle.

Come faithful friends let's not be Idle.
Fetch from the Woods, tis no dishonour,
In spight of him that owes the Mannor,
Fetch Myrtle home to crown the brows
Of all the Chiefs, while they carouse
Deep Healths to my deceased Father;
Tis not a Theft, but vertue rather;
For Myrtles are my Mothers Trees,
And you may takem as her fees.
The *Trojans* thus led by the nose,
Went all like fools to gather Boughs.
They went and being come again,
Aeneas had a Crown or twain.
One he put on, and then seem'd drest
Like steward of a City feast.
So was *Alcestes* likewise Crown'd,
And eke *Elymus* far renown'd;
Aged in years but young in Crafts,
For he play'd well at Chess, and Draughts.
Could cure the Ring-bone in a Horse,
The

The Malanders, the Vives, and Farce.
With Birdlime likewise made of Turds,
Could *Felfares* catch and other Birds.
And had besides, let no man grudge it,
A hundred knacks more in his Budget.
Thus Crown'd also was young *Ascan*,
Clad *Ala mode de la Campagne*.

For he had on a Martial Mantle,
Which in *Carthage* by inch of Candle,
His Mother for a trifle bought:
It was a Scarlet Peticoate,
Which she had cut into that shape,
To please the Fathers darling Ape.
All the young fops that this did see,
Got Garlands too of any Tree.
And was it not a sight most good,
For to behold a walking Wood?
Æneas the Incomparable,
March'd at the head of all the Rabble.
With pace and gesture so Majestick,

More like a *Dancer* than a *Ruſtick* :
Old Man nor Child did never know ,
A fight more like my Lord Majors ſhow.
Or if the Colour had not alter'd,
(But for a word my Rhyme had falter'd)
When the Red-feather-men are ſeen ,
To march to the *Artill'ry* Green.
Now being come unto the Tomb,
The poor man ſeem'd with grief ore'come.
He bid'm fetch a Pint of Claret ,
A Meſſenger was ſtreight ſent for it ,
When't came , he would not one drop drink ,
(A thing you'l ſay is hard to think)
But threw it all on the Sepulchre,
Where lay the bones of Father ſkulker ;
A bowl of Milk he powr'd likewise ,
But what that meant I can't deviſe.
All this he ſtrewd with herbs and flowers,
Then dropping tears like pibble ſhowers.
Bones of my Father *bonas Noches*,

That

That now ly free from all Reproaches,
While I by my misfortunes here,
Am hunted dry-foot like a Deere;
I like a *Tartar* rove about,
Tis well I have not got the Gout;
Oh had ye liv'd but one year longer,
And fate then you had not been stronger;
We might have lodg'd ye peradventure,
In promis'd *Italy's* fair Center.
Where if a Soldier may be bold,
To speak what he has oft been told;
Though after many a bloody nose,
Our offspring having beat their Foes,
Spite of their teeth, by Sea and Land,
Shall all the Universe Command.
But Heav'n it seems was never minded,
Things should fall out as I intended,
His pious humor more did mean,
But for a chance that spoyl'd the Scene.
For in the midst of his devotion,

A Serpent with his crawling motion
Just by his Holiness appear'd,
More horrid than a Switzers beard.
Aeneas with the sight perplex't,
Was quickly put beside his Text.
This Serpent was in length ten Ells,
And cover'd all with yellow scales;
That was one colour, but too true,
There were both grey, and green, and blew.
An ugly face he had to blink on,
For a lookt as Satan lookt or'e *Lincoln*.
His serpents gate, and folding tayl,
Their stoutest hearts did quell and quail.
And surely all had not been clean,
But that a thing did intervene.
For by and by he plainly shew'd,
He came not for their harm or good.
He therefore gave a gracious smile,
On the poor *Trojans*, dead ere while.
Aeneas who was allwayes free,

In Curtesie for Curtesie,
Seeing him smile, reviv'd at heart,
Resolv'd to play the Foxes part,
And kindly treate th'unbidden guest,
More like a Christian than a Beast.
So when he saw the Serpent grin,
He like a Courtier smiles agen.
But you must know that the Ser — pent,
That came not there to complement.
Took little notice of his cringes,
But smartly to the Tomb he swings,
To take his share of the oblations,
Which he lickt up without Orations.
Returning gravely from the Tomb,
The people freely gave him Room.
For though his cloaths were very brave,
He needed none to cry, beare leave.
Now here he made a little pause,
As *Lipsius* thinks, to pick his jawes.
And having shewn his back so fine,

The which like *China* filk did shine.
 Away he slipt, but Heav'n knowes how,
 The French man saies 'twas through a *Tron*,
Anglice hole. But Pescods take him,
Virgil that while he was a making,
 Might'a made what so er'e he list,
 Moufe-hole, or pin-hole, hole by Twist,
 Or any other hole; yet left
 Us quite ith' lurch; it was a cleft
 I say; let him deny't that dares,
 Do you Sir? Serpent, take his Ears.
 Well being gon, they strove to know
 What it should be that plagu'd'm so.
Aeneas thought 'twas by's agility
 In licking plates with such docility,
 The foul of a *Valet du Chamber*,
 Whose name I cannot well remember,
 Which once his Father had,——
 But others with a better face,
 That was the Numen of the place.

At length they cry'd with much debate,
Twas something but they knew not what.

Howe're thus warn'd, *Aeneas* gave
New honours to his Fathers Grave.

He don'd a Countenance most sad;

I mean religious, and not mad;

He that will bring new things to pass,

Must able be to change his face,

Pretend occasions for his fears;

If he can't weep, must buy his tears.

Of six fat Sheep he cut the throats,

And five fat Pigs as plump as Goats:

And six fat Heifers to his wishes:

The blood he powred out in dishes:

The Wine from pales he spilt like whey;

Then prostrate on the Tomb he lay

(Had now the Serpent come to sup,

And eat the brave *Aeneas* up.

Marry! I hope 'twas ne're intended,

For then the story had been ended)

And as he lay like a great Calf,

Invoak'd

Invoak'd his Fathers better half:

But whatsoe'r he said, or cry'd,

Nor Soul nor Father *Tit* — reply'd.

*That is, he
did not
speak so
much as
half a word*

The Devil a *Tit* — he said, I say,

But there like stock-Fish, dead he lay.

At his own Charge *Aeneas* could

Not make this sacrifice so good;

His Fellow *Trojans* therefore bore

The great expence, some less, some more.

Though not by Subsidy nor Pole,

But by a free and willing Dole.

When this was done, they fell to worke,

Debauching more than *Jew* or *Turk*.

From right to left the Healths went round,

They roard and sung, and tore the ground.

Aeneas with his brave Adventures

Top'd it so long, he made Indentures.

This was apparent after Supper

By a damn'd fall upon his Crupper;

And that he got by cutting Capers.

By which perswaded and the Vapours
That had so over-pois'd his head,
He took a light, and reel'd to bed.

Now *Phæbus* gave a new Carere,
And bright *Aurora* doth appear;
It was no Morn fair in the Cradle,
And by and by fowl in the saddle;
Yet twas a Morn, to tell you truth,
Born with a Proverb in her Mouth.
For Proverb tells ye, Morning Grey
Is always Mother of fair day.
But above all, 'twas the ninth Morn,
The *Monfieur* then, you know, had sworn
To shew the people many a sight,
The women they sate up all night,
To wash their necks and heads to Kemm,
And make their Children fine as them.
The maids that slept with naked Tayle,
Dreamt all of Cakes, and bottle Ale.
Not only *Trojans*, but *Sicilians*

Both

Both City dames and *Croyden*-Gillians,
 For ten mile round, were also fine
 At place prepar'd, ere clock strook nine.
 Young men and maids, Old men and babes,
 Lady's in Coaches, durty drabs,
 In wooden-heel shoos, and shoostrings blew,
 With headlong hast came all to view
 The fare renowned *Trojan* blades;
 And eke their solemn Masquerades,
Aeneas brought the prizes forth,
 Which were to be rewards of worth :
 A very noble Porridg-Pot,
 Two doublets very finely wrought
 The one half, silk, the other Canvas,
 Two Flagellets, a Treble, and base :
 An Engin, which, if I don't err,
 Great Artists call a Nut-Cracker :
 Trenchers two dozen, I don't dally,
 The which *Aeneas* in a Sally,
 Plunder'd from Tent of *Agamemno*ⁿ,

There

For people
 lov'd ga-
 ping after
 shows then
 as well as
 now.

There was no reason to condemn'um
 Though they were brown, yet they were good
 And purchaz'd with the price of blood.
 One of old *Priams* greasie Hats.
 An instrument to murder Cats.
 The work of famous *Aristander* ,
 Mathematician and Commander ;
 Who fifty ways could Rats destroy
 And wrot thereof a Book in *Troy*.
 A Peuter Bowl enamel'd rare;
 Two Slippers, two, and not a pair;
 For one was mighty *Heſtors* own,
 The other *Jaſon* wore alone;
 The one was blew, the other green,
 Embroider'd both with Gold I ween.
 A Gittern whereon *Helen* playd,
 When very young, I mean, a maid.
 With many other Rarities
 To please the most ambitious eyes ;
 The which *Aeneas* liberal

He that di-
 stinguishes
 well tea-
 ches well.

Ex-

Expos'd to view upon a Stall.

Æneas first beat up his Drum ;

|| Here the
Thumb is
taken for
whole hand.

Then taking Trumpet with his || Thumb,

He sounds a Levett *Tan, tan, ta, ra :*

He blew with such a Si fa ra ra,

Until he got the Piles behind :

Behold the mighty force of Wind !

And then for silence making sign,

With Eloquence the most divine ;

Quo he, let us begin by Sea,

And with our Ships commence the Play.

The Vanquisher that shall command

Shall be rewarded out of hand,

With such a prize, as he shall say,

And for a truth affirm it may,

When he came out of Mothers placket,

That he was wrapt in Mothers smicket.

Menestheus, and there hangs a tale,

Chose the good Ship, yclepd the *Whale*,

Who when he came to *Italy*,

First founded *Memnion Progeny*.

To whose geeat deeds, if y' are not privy,
In English read, or Latine, *Livy*.

Gias a young man well descended ;
The next place strove to be commended:
For he was strong and very Chuffish,
And a great diver was for Craw-fish.

Sergestus was the third brave blade,
Who, when he came to *Rome*, first made
The house of *Sergius* far renown'd :
Thence *Galba* came, an Emperor crown'd:
Now this *Sergestus* shav'd his head :
For why? because his hair was red.

But for the Ship he ruled o're,
'Twas call'd, they say, the good *Centore*.
He playd all Games at dice all weathers :
And Fowl devoured in their feathers,
For knowledge was not then prepar'd
To turn-pike up their skins with Lard.

Cloantus was the next brave Lad,

In

In Drawers made of Canvas cladd.
His good Ship was the *Scylla* nam'd
Himself for little else was fam'd.
Only from him and from his Dame,
They say, Seignor *Cluentus* came.
These only were the Gallant Boyes
That strove to win *Aeneas* toyes.
Not far ith' Sea there stood a Rock,
Your brains out sooner you might knock,
Then move it, yet because it stood
So near the Shoare, they held it good
To make this Rock Contenders mark,
He that first touch't it was a spark.
Aeneas full of wit and wile,
Thought good to throw up cross or pile,
T'avoid contention and more strife
Then he intended; to be brief,
The Gallies having took their place,
The brave Commanders, each with face
Like Lyons bold stood on the Poop,

In

In one hand Brandy, t'other Rope.

Quo they unto their Gally Slaves,

As every one himself behaves,

Here's this or this, take which you please,

But this I think's most for your ease;

I can assure you 'tis for mine.

Then leaving Rope, take Brandy wine,

That is, like Devils row, not men ;

So I and you shall honour gain.

With that a generous heat invaded

Their braunie Arms with Oyl bedaubed,

And if their hearts went pit a pat ,

Tw'as only fearing they knew what.

With speeches thus and courage spur'd,

They wanted nothing but the word.

The signal given, to't they go,

With Head above and Tayl below :

All at one time they make a start ,

Tha seen it would have joy'd your heart.

Th name of ill luck see the slaves,

How they do cut and slash the waves;

D

How

How they do sweat ! the more fools they ;
 They need no Ushers to make way.
 In vain the Ocean yells and roars ;
 You'd think'm rather Wings than Oars.
 And for the Ships——not many words,
 You'd swear they were no Ships, but birds.
 Have you er'e seen on *Wilton* Plain,
 Of gallant Coursers three or twain ;
 How nimbl'y forward each one pricks,
 While their thin sides the Rider licks ?
 So through the Sea the straining Galleys
 Are forc'd for their Commanders follies.
 See how the oyl of heated brows,
 Drops from their Foreheads on their Toes,
 Streight one the order breaks, and then,
 What say's the man commands the men ?
 You may be sure he says no prayers ;
 But to be sure, devoutly swears ;
 Row, row ye Rogues, row for your lives
 You'l please the Gods, and please your Wives.

Row

Row Devils, d'ont ye proverbs know?
 What Devil drives, that needs must go.
 The pleas'd spectators they behold,
 And each one wishes, as he would
 Have the cause to go. Here prayeth one
 For friend, there mother for her son.
 With various clamours, various cries
 They all be-din th'amazed skies.
 Fair *Eccob* hearing such a clamor,
 Resolv'd to make one, as became her,
 Replying to the word Courage,
 Courage sometimes, and sometimes rage,
 As so well his business ply'd,
 That he was got a spet and stride
 Before the rest: for understand ye,
 H'had been no niggard of his Brandy.
 Their heads were lighter by a Tun,
 Which made the Ship the faster run.
Cloantus follow'd close a Stern,
 While t'other nails doth bite, and girt.

His heel alas was heavier much
 A damn'd fly-bottom made by Dutch:
 The *Whale* and Centaure jig by joul,
 Swam very friendly to the Goal.
 But now these friendly Enemies,
 Men otherwise discreet and wise;
 Seeing themselves approach the place
 That gave them honour or disgrace;
 Now every one looks on his brother
 As if they could have eat each other.
 Have you ere seen upon the tiles,
 When Moon on tops of Houses smiles,
 Two great boar-cats, with sparkling eyes,
 Look each on other, while the prize,
 Grey Maulkin, couches in their sight,
 So *Trojans* now brim full of spite
 With that the ships and men also
 Might rather to the Devil go.
 Or to the bottom of the Sea,
 Than that his ship should lose the day.

Gyas who thought his Pilot steer'd,
Too Roomie, and some by-blow fear'd,
Roard like a Lyon; ye damn'd dog,
Why so far off, keep close ye Rogue,
Why *Menetus*? son of a whore,
I say keep closer to the shore.
But *Menetus* was deaf as block.
For his experience feard a Rock.
Which if the ship it once should juttle,
Yfaith Sir *Guyas* might go whistle.
Then *Guyas* in a fury falls,
And yaul's and bauls, and calls and yauls.
Hei—Dotard, Pi'ot mine A——
Hir'd by my foes, and that is worse
My youth of honour to deprive.
Close; or the Devil fetch thee alive.
Soul of a dog keep close a shore.
But *Menetus* would nere the more.
Mean-while *Cloantus* near at hand,
Slides betwixt *Guyas* and the Land.

Where *Menetus* had left the Shore,
O Heav'ns! how *Gyas* then did roar.
His choler boyl'd up like a Kettel,
And in the hear of all his mettle,
To *Menetus* he dings amain:
He did not stand with serious brain
T'advise if rashness were a fault;
But in a moment, quick as thought,
Gripping his neck, as Poult'rers gripe,
The necks of Turkies, Hens, or Snipe,
He plung'd him headlong in the Sea,
Sans complement or other plea.
Go there, quo he, confounded fop,
Fit but to make the Devil a fop.
And now to fetch *Cloantus* up,
He takes the Helm in his own clutches,
Quo he, Hell take the slave that grutches
To melt his grease or break his back,
Rather than let my Honour crack.
By this poor *Menetus* that swum

Not

Not like a stone, but like a Drum,
Had made a shift, a good one too,
To scramble though without a Shoo,
Up to the top of a small Cliff.
No other Chamber, to his grief,
He then could have to dry his hair ;
Each one of which might well compare
To the best River in the Isle.
His hary Arms he squeez'd er'e while,
And fil'd at every stroak three pails.
He frown'd and scowld, and bit his nails.
The people that beheld his fall
Yet sorry did not seem at all,
Could not but laugh when they lookt up,
And saw him on the pecked top
Perch'd like an Ape upon his breech.
They could not hear his raving speech ;
But judg'd him angry by his face,
And twisting beard at his disgrace.
By this advantage those behind

That neither with their Oars nor wind
Could hope before, now haul and tear,
Thinking to put in for a snare.

Sergestus therefore straining hard,
Menestheus heaves i' the rear gard,

Which he disdaining cries outwrite
Ye cursed slaves, you row, you shite.

You work as if your Arms were broke,
Such scoundrel dogs the Devil choak.

What Hospital have I disprop'd,
For such a crew so damn'dly crippl'd.

What Goale broke loose to vex my brains,
With fetter'd Arms and Feet in Chains?

There go again damn'd rotten fellows,
Good for just nothing but the Gallows.

Well *Neptune* hadst thou been so kind,
T'assist me with one puff of wind,

Thou shouldst have known, deny't who can,
Thou hadst oblig'd a Gentleman.

But since your worship plainly shews,

The

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The little love to me it owes ;
And that I must be yet beholding
To these weak slaves, I'll leave off scolding.
Row on my hearts , men of renown,
Redeem your honour and my own.
This picquant speech so prickt their souls,
That they renew their strength in shoals.
The truants dry before , grew wet;
All on a suddain bath'd in sweat.
Sergeſtus fearing they would rout him,
With double fury layes about him.
But wo for him in time of need,
The more the haſt , the worſe the ſpeed.
For ill adviſed of a rock,
The ſhip with ſuch a wannion ſtrook ;
Raſh went the Keel, crack went the prow :
Some twenty Oars brake at one blow.
Quo one, thrown off as he was rowing,
I'th Devils name where am I going ?
Two hundred men were flung about,

As,

As, Man had been but a dish-clout,
 Like chairs and stools in Tavern fray,
 Here one and there another lay.
Sergestus, more ith' suds than Sea,
 Misfortune would not yet obey.
 But made'm go to work again;
 And fish the pieces out o'th' Main.
 Chear up my boys, there's life in Mustle
 With that they kept a heavy bustle;
 And presently they gor her off.
 They row and heave, and blow and puff.
Sergestus daunc'd a Sarraband
 To see his men obey command.
 Now you must know that in the nick
 Of this mischance, *Menestheus* quick-
 Ly had the Centaur over-run.
 And seeing now his business done
 Oh! are ye there, quo he, stick fast,
 Till I come back; I'me now in hast;
 Which made *Sergestus* backward pray

For

For the misfortune of the day.
 While poor *Sergestus* thus imbroil'd,
 Against the worst of evils toil'd,
Menestheus heads young *Gyas* prow
 Quo he, hei—*Gyas*— what chere ho!
 Where's *Menetus* gon to *Peg Trantum*?
 Such pocky Pilots who can want'm?
Gyas made no reply for grief;
 But there he stood just like *Lots* Wife.
 His Ship like Horse without a bridle
 Made a great bustle, yet was idle.
Cloantus straight he overtook:
Cloantus that could hardly brook;
 Against his men he disimbogues
 A hundred Villains, Thousand Rogues.
 But 'twas in vain to keep a pudder,
 When men could hardly hold the Rudder.
 Thus from hard fortune Heav'n protect us!
Cloantus victor now est victus.
Menestheus now with wind and tide

And

And acclamations on his side,
Went on without competitor.
'Tis good you see sometimes therefore,
To have the favour of a Whore.
Cloantus seeing this abuse,
Although what Seamen seldome use
Yet in a case so necessary,
From Custome yet resolves to vary,
And though as mad as are March Hares,
Compos'd his mind to say his Prayers.
They say he made this brief Oration,
Or rather sweet ejaculation.
Ye Gods, that lodged in the Seas,
Oft succour Vessels in distress,
When overcharged with Hogsheads,
And taking Rocks for feather-beds,
They oft to him become a prey,
That owes the Mannor of the Sea.
And likewise, that which never fails,
You set your Arses gainst the tays.

Of Gallies, when they want a wind,
And blow 'em forward with — behind;
If by your aid my vessel flow
Shall win the prize, I make this vow;
An Ox shall be the Recompence,
Of your Divine omnipotence;
And then to please your appetite,
That in Ragou's take much delight,
The body shall be stust with parfly;
The Entrails spiced, and pepper'd fiercely.
And for to treat you as my Minions,
I do assure you of Champignons:
With this a present of *Greek-wine*,
To tope your noses most divine.
And as for Fish, ye then shall surfeit
On Salmon, Cods-head, Carp and Turbet.
This vow attested with Cud—nouns,
Made water in their mouths est-foons.
Immediately the Sea-Gods all,
And Goddesses both great and small,

To

To help *Cloantus* are agreed,
In hopes so well to drink and feed.
So by main strength they gave a shove,
Or whether they the ship did move
Some other way, that makes no matter
But sure I am he got the better;
Leaving *Menestheus* and the rest
To follow him as they could best.
Cloantus now in Port so safe,
For Joy it made *Aeneas* laugh.
And after that he made a speech
Which did the Company bewitch.
And by a Herauld did proclaim
The worshipful *Cloanthus* fame.
And then with Lawrel crown'd his head
In token he so well had sped.
Then from his pocket forth he drew
A Leathern pouch, both full and new;
And gave the Mariners, I think,
Some four Deneers a peice, to drink.

And

And farther for their preſent Chear,
 He ſet a broach three runns of beer.
 A Brigandine moſt gay and rich
Cloanth to take he did beſeech,
 Who though he then for joy did cry,
 To take the ſame did not deny.
 It was a very neat deſigne,
 For it was full of Pictures fine.
 By graver wrought there might you read;
 The Hiſtory of *Ganimes*.
 Fair *Ganim* d great *Joves Bordachio*,
 Whoſe Chin he prickt with his Muſtachio:
 There the young ſquire you might behold
 With hunting Javelin on his ſhould——
 Er, and you'd think he did purſue
 A Hart that fled, but neither true,
 Juſt in the nick an *Eagle* came,
 'Twas wild on Earth but in Heav'n tames.
 Who being ſent for his dear ſake
 Takes perfect hold with Claws and beak
 And

And streight according to the plot,
 Away he carries little *Trott*.
 In vain his play-fellowes pursue
 The mighty bird, that swiftly flew.
 There you may see his Greyhound *Placket*;
 Seeming to keep a fearful Racket,
 Striving to leap into the Air:
 What noises he made ye cannot hear.
 And well it was't was but a picture,
 His howling else, as I conjecture,
Cloantus might have made repent,
 Th'acceptance of his Ornament.
 The Painter yet did well t'express
 The Greyhounds love and tenderness.
 And *Virgil* too did well to shew,
 That he what painting meant did know.
 A *Cuiras* shap'd in Clouds of Gold,
Mentstheus had to have and hold
 To him and to his heirs for ever,
 They say a fairer was seen never.

It was the Cuiras of a Cap——
 Tain, that long since had the mishap
 (Mishap indeed) for to be kill'd,
 By great *Aneas* in the field:
 As fine as 'twas, it seems, the same
 Sav'd neither Masters life, nor fame.
 This Captain was *Demoleon* high;
 Now being slain bid him good night.
 The Cuiras it was all of Gold,
 For 'twas so heavy that to hold
 It in their Arms, nor *Sagaris*
 Nor *Phœgeus* could endure I wist.
 You'd have me tell you, who they be,
 No by my truth, I me not so free.
 Two brazen Kettles he gave more,
 Two gondola's without an Oar;
 Of Latten made, and worth each one,
 I guess, about a ducatoon.
 As for who 'twas these guifts deserv'd,
Virgil is very much reserv'd,

And sparingly divides the store,
 To *Cleanth*, only, and one more.
 Our knick-knacks were more freely giv'n,
 But how they'l get'm, that knowes Heaven:
 Now they that were contented well,
 Were well content by the sequel.
 Which made them on the sands to walk,
 For Liberty to chat and talk.
 As they were making their preambles
 Of their atchievements and their gambols,
 Repeating one thing ten times over;
 Behold! what is it they discover.
 Even *Sergeffus* all forlorn;
 With broken Oars, and vessel torn,
 Making god-wot, a weak endeavour
 The Shoar in safety to recover.
 He lookt like one quite broke at *speirings*
 After some twenty thousand jeerings.
 For you must know he took't in snuff
 That any Rock should him out-huff.

But in his passion came too nigh him,
For Rock would not be hector'd by him;
Which brought him unto weeping Cross;
More for the shame than for the loss.
Have you a Serpent ever seen,
With skin so pompous, blew and green;
Taking his pastime on the Road,
When on a suddain the swift load
Of hackney-Coach his chine doth crack,
Tearing his kidneys from his back.
There moves the Snake brisk at the head,
But by the tayl ill followed,
So now the ship, in some part whole,
In some parts full as washing bowl,
And pinion'd quite for want of wings,
Of Oars I mean, or such like things,
Instead of swimming, briskly row'd,
Moves like a Tortoise, only tow'd,
At length with help of little wind,
(Thanks to the little gale so kind)

And Canvas saile, (live ever they,
 That Canvas first did bring in play)
 With much ado she made the Port:
Sergestus, looked *ala mort*.
 How'ere *Aneas*, good man he,
 Of poor *Sergestus* took Pi-tee.
 'Tis thought there were some shavers there,
 Wish'd rather his, than their own share.
 Pox on't, quo one, would I had lost,
 I had sav'd my bones and yet got most.
 For for to comfort up his heart,
 And wash his tayl all mire and durt,
Aneas gave him dainty maid;
 I mean a Nurse, whatere I sayd,
 With too small Children at her brest;
 So she could be no maid, 'tis guest.
 This woman was Nurse *Pholoe* high
 She could both read, and pothooks wright,
 Her nostril was so wide and plain,
 That you might almost see her brain,
 Though

Though *Cretan* born, yet was she free,
From lying or from thievery.

Her face was something black and fat,
And eke her Armholes smelt somewhat.

She playd upon the Virginals;
With Castanets could dance at balls;
She could preserve, and also starch;
And so to other things we march.

Aneas quitting the sea-shore
Betakes him to a feild; wherefore?

Not so fast *Tom*; for you must know,
The field was large and wild also.

And *Virgil* lays not to spoyl meeter,
'Twas like a Cirque or Amphitheter.

There sitting on a peice of Timber,
As far as I can well remember,

Aneas that renouned widgeon
These words did speak in language Phrygian.

My loving friends and dear assistants
Twixt you and I there is no distance

I come not here with tales of ruts,
 And therefore from your Nolberjobs
 Lend me your leathern Lugs I pray,
 And listen well to what I say.

If any of you here will run,
 You may, if not, let it alone.

Better occasion, friends, believe it ye,
 No man can have to shew activity,

Better employment to your mind,
 Where can your mighty Lordships find,
 Then to bestir your Lordly leggs

In running after Mumblede pegs?

Sa, Sa, then come, make hast and strip;

You know that time doth nimble skip.

As for your doublets, I shall watch'em:

Hands nimbler than your heels must catch'em:

And he that has a nimble thigh,

Let him here shew it by and by.

For he that with his active pumps,

Can put his enemies to his trumps,

Or

Or fairly winn the firſt aſſault,
 The Cat hath ſtill left in the mault
 Something which I as my great truſt is
 Shall give to all with equal juſtice.
 This faithful promiſe being made,
 Their hairy boſoms ſoon diſplaid.
 The *Trojans* eke and mixt *Sicilians*
 That came to ſee were many millions,
 Or thouſands, for what ſhould I ly for?
 I fear I have err'd above a Cipher.
 But they that Poets read you know
 Will never ſtand for a round O:
 But if they ſhould, 'tis hard in my ſence,
 To be debarr'd Poetick Licence.
 Which Poets claim as more emphatick,
 Than Conſcience free to a Phanatick.
Euryalus, a youth moſt proper
 Shews all to Ladies but his Crupper;
 For he had nothing on but's drawers
 The firſt of *Trojan* clapper-clawers.

My Master *Nisus* next appears,
He had less shame, but far more years.
For he had nothing but his shirt,
Under his twist with knot begirt.
His love was great t'*Euryalus*,
A pious love, and not for *lufs*.
Diores next sprung from the Race
Of Royal *Priam*, shews his face,
With *Helymus* and *Panopes*
Hoy day, —— and who I pray are these?
Why these were two rich Farmers sons,
Acestes great Companions.
In fair, they hunted, in foul weather,
They drank and play'd and whor'd together.
Patron were next and *Salias*
The one a bold *Arcadian* was,
The other an *Acarnean* brisk,
To run, or cuff, or tumble, whisk:
But which was one, or which was t'other,
Maro himself doth not discover.

Why

Why then d'ye think I'll tell ye more.
 Than I my self was told before ?
 Yet this I'll say that *Maro* could not,
 Or if he could, I'me sure he would not
 From one was lineally descended
 The *Croyden* Butcher so commended.
 The other to make out th'intreague,
 Forefather was of nimble *Teage*.
 Of all the rest we say but little,
 Since *Maro* spares to speak a tittle.
 All being thus resolv'd to run,
 Quo they, to great *Anchises* son,
 With guts discharg'd and bladders empty,
 Loe here our selves we do present thee.
 Streight-way *Aneas* sitting boldly
 On timber-log of which I told ye.
 By kind assistance of his tongue,
 Made 'em, they say, this short Harangue
 He that of you shall run the best,
 By my dead Father three times blest,

Is

In no wise shall repent his bargain,
For hear what I propose ye for gain.
Two darts, both made of *Gnosian* craft,
Of Ebonie shall be the shaft;
Feather'd with Gold, which seems a Bull,
But that I speak to men not dull.
A Partisan of steel, but such
An one, as you may make as rich,
As any City leading staff,
If you'll be at expence enough.
To the three swiftest in the course
I do design to give a horse.
Though I confess, they have most need,
That slowest are, of nimble speed:
But that's all one, I'm bound to praise ye,
And not give horses to the lazie.
This horse shall have Caparisons
Rich as the Queen oth' Amazons.
There boy's, there goes the hare away,
And I think worth the catching, ha!

His

His quiver eke, and eke his belt,
Cut from the brims of a broad felt,
Embroidered all with work of Gold.
Instead of shoulder knot, behold
A glittering Pearl, three times as big
As a large hen's or a duck egg.
He that cryes hey—for our town,
With olive branch him will I crown.
The third shall have a mortion made
At Argos, where it is their trade.
I will not say how finely don,
He's free to take, or let't alone.
The signal given by the sound
Of twisted trumpet, see the ground
All in a cloud, and such a high one
As wrapt *Aeneas* like *Ixion*.
Some said that sweat of heel and toe
Would dust allay, but twas not so.
For why to stop each others paces
They kickt it in each others faces.

Nisus

Nisus had got by much the start,
And as he ran, he oft did fart;
Which much endammadg'd them behind,
Having two foes, the dust and wind.
For by this means he got before,
Some two and twenty yards or more,
Nisus behind, but far behind
Ran *Salus*, like a nimble Hind,
After him ran *Euryalus*;
And close at his heels *Helymus*;
Him *Diores* that was the last,
Seeing'em all in so much hast,
With malice now and rage ore'come,
Gave such a kick upon his bum;
That through the pain of his Posteriors,
He now gives way to his inferiors.
Nisus was just upon the mark,
But see how fate can prove a Turk!
For just ish'niek, he sprain'd his toe,
There lay poor *Nisus* crying, oh——

He

He bow'd so rudely to his toes,
 As made the blood spin from his nose.
 So there he lay as I have told ye,
 Swearing like a belfounder, boldly;
 When furnace cracks, and metals runn,
 As if the Devil were on Dun.
 He saw the prize was not for him;
 Which vext him more than did his limn.
 Yet though he lost his hope and glory,
 He had not lost the quick memory
 Of his *Euryalus*, so dear;
 For *Salias* now coming near,
 He seiz'd so fiercely on his shoo,
 That *Salias* comes headlong too.
Salias got up, as mad as Weefel,
 Dings a good dust at *Nisus* muzzle;
Nisus holds fast, and which is worse,
 Sets his cursd fangs in *Salias* Arse.
Nisus gripes hard, and rudely tears:
Salias curses, damns, and swears:

Nisus

Nisus is deaf , and nothing hears ,
But keeps him there, spite of his ears.
Euryalus, thanks to his face,
Thus got the Goal, and won the race.
The rabble shout, and tear the Air,
Favouring *Euryalus* the fair.
They that beheld the real truth ,
Nisus and *Salius*, Arms and Mouth ;
Cry'd out hey now for our Town !
Hold *Nisus*, hold, the Towns our own.
The second man was *Helymus* ;
And *Diores* the third , so close
He trod upon his heels that day,
Men fear'd a quarrel by the way.
But as it seems, they were more wary :
They'd other fish to fry, then tarry.
Then *Salius* came with great complaints,
Swearing by all his Gods and Saints,
That they had rob'd him of his fat Ox
While plaguy *Nisus* seiz'd his buttocks.

Diores

Diore intercedes for him,
As one he thought had lost a limb;
That since his luck was like his hurt,
He might have satisfaction for't.
Aneas scarce refraining laughter,
Yet as a courteous moderator,
Come, come, quo he, cease difference,
Ye shall have all due recompence:
Therefore, quo he, as friends embrace,
And kiss now in another place.
And so the injury was repaid,
With *Morrion* made like *Lyons* head;
The ears and eyes were all of gold
And eke the teeth, fine to behold:
So rich that *Salias* not deny'd,
But he was fully satisfy'd.
Then *Nisus* for to get comfort
Presents himself all mire and dirt,
From head to foot a *Branford* quag,
About him never a clean rag:

Now

Now you may well observe, quo he,
 How my misfortunes vanquish'd me;
 And made me look so like a beast,
 For being nimbler than the rest.
Aeneas could not chuse but smile;
 Grieve not, quo he, at Fortune vile;
 For here is thy reward; with that
 He gave him a most precious Hat,
 Of damask silk, it was notorious.
 For Feather and for work so curious.
 By *Didimaon* wrought so neat;
 Quoth *Nisus* then, by *Mahomet*
 I'll weare thy hat both morn and noon-day,
 On every Holiday and Sunday.
 He lyes in's throat, that shall miscall
 Our Captain, that's so liberal.
 The Race thus finish'd without squabbling,
 All anger laid aside and brabbling,
 The Racers well content and merry;
 My masters Time for none will tarry;

So said *Aeneas*, the *Minheer*,
 Besides, quo he, bring *Cestus* here.
 Now you must know what *Cestus* was;
 A plaguy Poultrice for weak jaws:
 A little touch with a weak hand,
 And presently a man was brain'd:
 A certain cursed Castanet
 For men to dance the broken pate.
 Two Iron Brickbats, each a Ring;
 Which he that best can weild and swing,
 To pound his Adversaries Pole,
 Was vanquisher of body and soul.
 To this same sport, that so men mauls,
Aeneas his Companions calls.
 Quo he, the man that has the heart
 For a prize that is not worth a fart,
 To venture brains, or loss of lymb,
 Let him come purchase my esteem.
 The Victors prize shall be a Cow
 With forehead plated you know how:

So

F

With

With plates of silver and of gold,
 And linnen vaile about her should-
 Ers, white, and delicately starch'd,
 Like woman going to be Church'd.
 Besides an instrument of death,
 Eclep'd a sword, in Ivory sheath.
 And eke a Morrion, none oth'worst.
 Some said, he would have given that first;
 But then considering again,
 If he gave one he must give twain,
 They saw it was the wisest plot.
 For purse was his, the limbs were not.
 When any one is bruis'd enough,
 Quo he, and wishes to leave off;
 Let him while he his hands can use,
 Hold up his hand, or cry Kings scruce;
 If hands be maul'd confoundedly,
 Bid some good friend that standeth by.
 Thus said the *Cesrus* was brought out
 At sight whereof like one devout

They

They lookt with setled countenance,
The view on't put'em in a trance.
So that for all his cunning coaxing
None seem'd to love this kind of boxing.
At length not fearing *Lymb* nor torture
Dares appears, a vast Wine-Porter,
Who only could hold *Paris* tack,
At this same play makes others cack.
Who for to honour the memory
Of valiant *Heſtor* had the glory.
With this abominable weapon
To knock down *Butes* like a Capon.
The best that ever was at cuffing,
Without a Ly or any huffing.
Amyclus vast in strength and burden,
And *always* bred at the Beargarden,
Begot this *Butes* on a whore,
That was half woman, half a mare.
When *Dares* did himself present,
It bred a great astonishment;

His shoulders to behold, all bones,
As big and stronger than Millstones ;
His Arms were rather Bull-confounders ;
In Paper-Mills you see such pounders.
Now the *Goliath's* strength was all ,
As for his brains they were but small ;
You would have laught to have seen the noddie
To shew his mighty strength of body ,
How he did vainly cuff the Air.
Boreas himself did not come near ;
And swung about his brawnie wrists,
To shew what he could do with's fists.
And when h' had done, to see the Locby
How h' a faign'd to girn, like a great booby.
Sⁱ, Sa, quo he, what is there none
Will let me break nor shin, nor bone.
What nere a Knight that has a mind,
To loose his eyes, and to be blind ?
This furious challenge was so dismall,
That not a man would venture his mall.

Trojans

Trojans, Sicilians, all were dumb,
As if th'had felt the weight of's thumb.

Their Hector's now not worth a fart,
As if th'had neither souls nor heart.

Quo Dares, then the Cow is mine,
To day how bravely will I dine.

For who to Cow hath right more full
Than I that am so like a bull?

With that he took the precious Beast
By both the horns upon her Crest.

Bawling so loud, tell he was hoarse,
Who of ye all now by main force,

In hopes to eat a gallant supper

With fist can Cow set on her Crupper?

Chickens by Jove, you handle Cestus?

You kiss mine Arse. Hei-Captain F. thus

(For so he call'd Aneas jeering,)

Must I stay here all day Pickeering?

As if I had nothing else to choose,

But here stand making Childrens shoos.

As the De-
vil said to
the Collier.

Till some fond Caponet shall come ,
 To be made Gelly by my thumb ?
 Find me a match that will contest,
 Or let me carry away the Beast.
 At which one mad, what ayles that fellow ?
 What ayles, quo he, that Bull to bellow ?
 Why so much raving, so much tearing ?
 Wee'l match his cock, for all his swearing.
Acestes through the Rabble flung,
 As if a wasp his tayl had stung ;
 Cud boars, quo he, shall such a thief
 With pain so little get our beef ?
 Fuming he goes to seek *Entellus* ,
 Whom, of such language nothing jealous,
 He found stretch'd out upon a banck,
 Smoaking *Jamayca* , cursed ranck ;
 Ye Logger-head , quo he, is this
 A time to sleep and smoak, I wils ?
 When all our honours ly at stake ?
 Pox o' your drowfie hide ——— come ——— wake, ———

For interest
 will not ly.

And

And shew how thou in times of yore,
 Hast cudgel'd many a lusty boar.
 Hast thou forgot the prancks and the tricks
 Which thou were wont to play with *Eryx*?
Eryx thy Master at this game?
 To whom thou second art in fame.
 Cuts-foot! shall daring *Dares* quell us?
 While we have living brave *Entellus*.
 How many spoiles of Butchers bones
 Of Weavers Arms, and Dyers stones
 Hang in thy Chimney up like bacon?
 Of thy renown the certain token?
 For shame then let not this wind-sucker,
 At our disgrace thus sneer and snicker.
 Quoth he, thy words are positive.
 Tis not for fear as now I live,
 That *Dares* thus I let alone;
 But I am old and feeble grown.
 Were I as young as I ha bin,
 This Raskal that makes such a din

I'de pounce him so, that you should see,
I'de make him soon cry me mer-cie ,
To Cow or Calf without regard ,
The slender motive of reward ;
Only for glories sake, ere this,
I'had made him stink for fear, or piss.
That this is truth ye know full well
Yet that you may not take it ill,
To shew I speak not words, but deeds ;
I'le try one bout at Loggerheads.
If I am beaten, say tis Age,
And no defect of my courage.
Streight he flung down of dismal batterie
Two fatal Engines , not to flatter ye,
Nor yet to chafe your wanton Nerves ,
But for to stamp ye like conserves.
Little they said, meant plaguely ;
Their very aspect made men flee.
More Dares himself, to tell you true,
afraid than Lik't em so ill, he look't askew.
hurt.

For

For they had on them fearful stains,
 Of *Eryx* blood, and part of's brains.
Eryx who meeting at an Alehouse,
 With *Hercules* of's honour jealous,
 Streight fell to blows, from blows to knocks,
 The least of which would kill an Ox.
 What *Eryx* got by't, truly I
 Think he might well put in his eye.
 His eye! alas had there been less put,
 They then had living had the *Toss-pot*.
Dares beholding such damn'd trophies,
 Think ye that *Dares* such an Oaf is,
 Quo he, to venture life in field,
 With weapons that he cannot wield.
Aneas thinking twas a scandal,
 The mortal Engines needs would handle,
 But when he felt their weight, quo he,
 The Devil handle'em for me,
 Seav'n folded Ox-hides stuf with lead,
 Some half a Tun in each, they said,

With

With iron hoops and dev'lish nails,
Such as you see about Cart-wheeles.
Crossing himself, then said *Aneas*,

viz his
Goddesses.

Per omnes meretrices meas,

What hideous Tarrar with a vengeance
Invented first these fatal Engins ?

Puh ! quoth *Entellus* ; these are feathers ;
Those with which *Hercules* strapt the Githers
Of my friend *Erax*, (peace be with him,)
And sent unto the *Elysian* frith him,
Were twice as big, and yet the Lubbers
Would wield those mighty Noddle-rubbers
As nimble at each others coxcombs,
As they had been but little box-combs.

For my part cries *Entellus* furdur,
I like this well, I'm cleare for murder.
But yet to shew I'm gamester fair too,
If he'll have other, there they are too,
I'll fight with any, ere spoyl play.
And ye shall cap me, as they say,

If

If at a blow or two at least,
 You guess, not who shall have the Beast.
 Then cry'd *Aneas* drunck with joy,
 Troth godamercy brave old Boy.
 Bring me a pair of Maul cheeks hither;
 But not so heavy as the other:
 Others were brought, and after tryal,
 Approv'd without the least denial,
 Both for their bigness and their huffing,
 By Doctors in the Art of cuffing.
 One takes *Entellus*; t'other *Dares*,
 Saying a hundred *Ave-Maries*:
 For it had almost turn'd his stomak;
Entellus shape did such a shew make.
 Such shoulders, Burrocks, bones so hideous,
 A Chine so nervous, brest prodigious.
 For to say truth he nothing hid;
 Both shirt and coat were layd aside.
 If shirt he had, for else you know,
 What he had not, he could not shew;

Belonging
 to Beargar-
 Men Col-
 ledge.

And

And in matter of such weight

Men must be cautious to speak right :

Babarel l.
200

For if he had no shirt, and I,

20000.

Do say he had, I tell a ly.

But now behold 'em in their traces,

Making wry mouths and Monkey-faces,

They dance *Step stately* to take aim,

Who first should give the first damn'd main.

At first they slightly seem'd to skirmish,

But straightway fury growing warmish,

One gives the other plaguy palt,

Which was return'd the next assault :

Young *Dares* was more nimbly stout,

Entellus was the stronger Lout.

With weapons pois'd, and fists erect,

With burning eyes and fierce aspect,

They now lay on sans feare or wit,

As if they car'd not where they hit.

Their Lungs are tir'd and breath in vain,

Their naked Members pant amain.

Such

Such force have bumping blows apply'd,
 To *Diaphragma*, or the side,
Secundum artem, as they knew,
 To make men vomit black and blew.
 Sometimes a loving blow did miss,
 Then t'other was not griev'd I wifs.
 Streight you might hear his guts cry twang,
 And t'others skul ring with the bang.
 While all his reason takes her flight,
 T'had been no reason else, by this light.
 Sometimes with stroaks strook unawares,
 They only rub each others ears.
Dares with many a nimble leap,
 At old *Entellus* head doth 'skip-
 Unweildy he stands stiff and tough,
 Without recoyling from the cuff.
 While *Dares* with a dreadful eye,
 Stood watching his huge Enemy.
 Woe worth that rib which he shall find,
 But once ungarded to his mind)

*You might
 have be-
 lieved him
 without
 swearing.*

As

As men that Walls and Castles batter,
 Seeke weakest place to make 'em totter,
 And having found what they intended,
 With all their fury thither bended.
 Mauling and battering their *insistunt*,
 Though th'had as good perhaps a pist on'r.
 Thus *Dares* watching still for harm,
 Caught from the bold *Entellus* Arm,
 Such a damn'd lick athwart the back,
 As made his very bum-strings crack.
Dares, but how the Devil't 'twas done,
 Is past my apprehension,
 Returns him such a thumping *quitt*,
 As for his quo, 'twas out of debt.
 These blowes each equalled in stress,
 Some twenty pounds or little less.
 And *Virgil* saies in his relation,
 That the through force and indignation
 With which *Entellus* strook and mist,
 His aged Trunck the Grass-plot kist.

Harm
watch
harm catch

That

That he fell down all hands agree,
 Let them that doubt the truth go see.
 And more than that too a shrew'd signe,
 They say he fell like mighty Pine.
 There lay the huge *Entellus* sprawling:
 For joy the *Trojans* fell a bawling;
 While he enrag'd at the flounce,
 Doth all his Gods at once renounce.
Acestes and *Aeneas* brave,
 Both willing the old man to save,
 Where'er'e they had it, got a Crane;
 And so they crin'd him up again;
 Being got upon his heeles once more,
 Six lustie Common oaths he swore;
 Though for his manners such a sor,
 That all his thanks he quite forgot.
 Having recover'd now his place,
 With rage in heart, and shame in face
 Finding what ere he yet had done,
 But fleabites in comparifon.

Proud spirits had rather be damn'd than suffer disgrace.

Quo

Quo he, now let him look to his hittings,
By *Jove* I'll handle him without mittins.

Poor *Dares* was in great dejection,

Four strong men are Seeing *Entellus* Resurrection.

not always the wisest. He that before thought worst was past,

Seeing his foe so rudely cast,

And therefore sang his *nunc dimittis*,

Now at the end of all his wit is.

There was no way but guard to keep,

Better h'd been in's bed asleep.

T'other lay's on cuff after cuff,

Not minding whither's skin be buff.

His bended clutches damn'd *Memento*;

Make flying *Dares* daunce *Coranto's*

Entellus bountry fell like hail,

Not sparing either head or tayl.

Dares afraid his reasons house

(Though he had scarce so much as goose)

About his batter'd ears should tumble,

Was half ith'mind in manner humble.

To crave in time a Letter of Licence.
He lik't not banging fans defeizance.
While t'other labors all he can
To make a window to his brain.
Dares was in condition sad,
His face was swell'd big as his head,
His head was swell'd as big as his hat,
And he himself just falling flat
Upon his bloody bruised nose;
When all in haste *Aeneas* throws
Himself between the blowes so thick:
Good faith 'twas well he came ith'nick.
For had he had but one more thwack
Upon his head or his Sto—mack
Dares had given the Crows a pudding;
And Death had come before his Wedding!
For now *Entellus* Claws were up,
And falling just was fatal swop.
But just in time *Aeneas* spruce,
And brave *Acestes* cry'd, *Kings* scruce.

G

With

Good words
apease
wrath.

With coaxing words *Aneas* mellows

The bloody heart of vex'd *Entellus*.

Good Sir quo, he your wrath forbear,

Man stout at Cuffs, as ere stole Deere,

Next time shall *Dares* learn more manners

Then let his wits be his Trappanners,

Thus to provoke a man whose wrists

Can powder Rocks of *Amethysts*;

With nailes like fleas crack *Adamants*;

And puff down Armed *Elephants*.

These gentle words made Gaffer *Thwackside*

Most patiently lay by his Ox-hides.

Such credit had *Aneas* there,

Quo he, your will be done *Menheire*.

Then Sir *Aneas*, turning face

To him that was in doubtful case;

So bruis'd and batter'd, and so swel'd,

(He scarce could stand unless upheld)

Made him to the best of my memory,

This pithy speech consolatory.

Hold.

Holding him gently in his arms,
Quo he thou needs not others harms,
For well thy own, without a book,
Now teach thee with both eyes to look
Before thou leapſt, and not to venture,
Before thou knew'ſt thy bold Attempter.
Had not thy Foe been very handſome,
He had deſtroy'd thee without Ransome.
For now confeſs and ſpeak as true man,
Do you beleive his hand was human?
As ſure as thou wert bang'd to day,
He keeps the Devil himſelf in pay:
Therefore, if legs will beare thee, go,
Weake boxer of the driving ſnow,
Go get a Surgeon, Noble *Fefus*,
And dream no more of pounding *Cefus*.
The poor young knave all ſoare with banging
His neck upon his ſhoulders hanging,
Eyes ſunk in a black quag of butter,
Or fleſh well churm'd, few words could utter.

*All this
ſhould have
been ſaid
before.*

But softly cry'd to show's respect s,
Farewell Sir, till I see you next.

He could no more in Prose nor Rhyme,
Nor had he courage at that time
To bring his fingers to his chin
To see what teeth remain'd within
His beard was all bedaub'd to see a
With a damn'd foul *Haimoragia*.

The place where Nose stood, you might know it
But nere take hold on't for to blow it.

The *Trojans* they came all to much him,
He wish'd'em damn'd that did but touch him.

For so his batter'd Corps did smart,
That every touch went to his heart.

Then *Dares* two Companions chose,
To comfort up his broken Nose.

But both the Crown and eke the beast
Entellus got by dint of fist.

Who now like toad on washing-block,
With conquest swell'd, thus gan to mock.

Weak

Weak *Trojan* fops both young and old
That enviously this day behold
The Victory that I have won;
Come see what more I could have done,
See against what a firking foe,
Your *Dares* stript from top to toe!
Had ye not drag'd his *Homo-Plater*
From our inevitable slaughter.
You should have seen how I had rub'd him,
And mong the Devils belly bub'd him.
This said his furious fist he clutch'd,
And twixt the horns so rudely touch'd.
The Bulls head, that from head of Bull
Came brains and blood a Kettle full.
So died the Cow without a lie,
Or making will in minutes few.
Then with a heart full of repentance,
And mind prepar'd for pious sentence,
He cry'd beholding the blew skie,
With doleful face and blubbring eye.

*Though the
Rhime
made it a
Bull 'twas
otherwise a
Cow.*

Eryx, to thee, my Counter-part,
I give this Bull with all my heart,
For *Dares* sake, who has my prayers
The best of living Cudgel—players.
Here will I Chappel build, or Pest-house
Where horns shall hang and eke my *Cestus*.
If *Dares* dy here shall he be
Entombed likewise, close by me.
No question we shall then agree.
They that *Entellus* saw turn'd Priest,
Yet knew he was a damn'd Atheist,
Rais'd such a shout at his conversion,
As shook the Earth like Ague tertian.
So long this hubbub did continue,
'Twas fear'd that some would break a sinew.
Which made *Aneas* in compassion,
And for another dirty fashion,
Which was to have no shouting known,
At any speeches but his own.
Enough quo he, enough I say;

How

How long must I hear Asses bray ?
 I'de rather a had a pack of knaves ,
 Than such a crew of simple slaves.
 Enough this curs'd Cow killing sport ,
 There's none but one the better for't ;
 Come bring me out your Bows and Arrows
 And if ye needs will kill, kill sparrows.
 Thus having got some good Companions ,
 All in a row like ropes of Onions,
 Quo' he bring hither Galley Mast,
 And set it me upright and fast ;
 First having ty'd at top of it,
 A Pigeon , or a Clout beshit,
 It matters not so mark be hit.
 The lots were thrown into a hat,
 Or Helmet , 'tis the same thing that :
 At which they fum'd like a hog tost,
 To see that Fortune rul'd the rost :
 For each one fear'd to be put out
 From being one should hit the clout.

For he was *Aeneas* said he'd have but four ;
Domus
factum, And who durst say then , he'd ha more,
 But four then drawing, stone-blind *Chance*
Ilippocoons Honour did advance.
 A fatal murderer of wild-Ducks ,
 A foe profess to Dawes and Rooks ;
 The second fool whom fortune favours
 Was Mister *Mnefteus*, a Sea-Mavors ,
 Whose head with Olive had been crown'd ,
 For swimming well , and not being! drown'd.
 Of whom I shall say little more,
 Since I have said so much before.
 Master *Eurytian* was the third ;
 He'd hit a Curran in a turd.
 Which made him cry'd up for an Archer .
 His brother yet was much the archer ;
 His brother *Pandarus*, wor ye well,
 Who taking bow of pliant steel,
 Without so much as one *bear leave*,
 The Cuckold *Menelaus* gave

Such

Such a dam'd prick through buttocks each ,

That *Helen* nere so claw'd his breech.

Aceles was the last forsooth,

Who although old, with so much *Youth*

Would needs contest for skill and strength;

What he got by't you'll know at length,

Hippocoon his goggle eyes

Casting a thousand times to the skies ,

First hit the top oth'mast, I trow :

A lower shot, had been below :

The bird with that affrighted, try'd

T'have flown away, but she was ty'd.

And so she only flap'd the Ayr ;

He did no more as I can hear ;

While bird thus flutter'd on the wing,

Menestheus shoots and cuts the string :

Whether the bird, do you now think,

That but ere while for fear did stinck,

Now finding Leve to be light ,

Did not make hast to mend her flight.

But

But shame on all Ill luck say I,

That faster then a bird will fly,

*How order-
ly this bird
was kill'd?
first fright-
ed, then the
string cut,
Then rump
sic'd.*

For as the Bird was on the wing,

Eurytion Inapt his fatal string :

Though ere he drew, he made a prayer,

To Brother *Pandarus* in his ear,

The which his brother soon did heare.

And so as bird was tripping off,

(Not dreaming but she had been safe)

The Arrow peirc'd her pretty rump,

And made her turn up belly trum.

'Twas then no time to take advice

How to avoid the fatal slice;

Streight with a vengeance down she come,

Like one that feard not bruising bum.

He that the day came after fair

Was now *Alcestes*, by compare.

Ther's nothing left for that old fop,

Less he would set his own head up.

But what said the *Facetious* Drole,

Quo

Quo he I'le not be made a fool,
Suppose that yonder sate an Owle,
Where bird was ty'd; why may not I

My brother hit? by *Jove* I'le try.

He drew, but wonderful to see

His dart became a prodigie.

A prodigie that friz'd the hair

Of every morral that was there.

'Twas here a dart, but mounting higher

I th air becomes a flame of fire.

Like whizzing Rocket up it goes

Had Owl been there, 'thad sing'd his nose.

Or else as *Pub.* says better far,

Like *volant* or crinited starr.

In English certain flying jigs,

Or stars with flaming Perriwigs.

The flame continued while it could,

That is to say while there was wood,

But fewel wanting due recruite,

The fire went out without dispute.

One of Fel-
tons's edition

Up on

Upon the whimsical adventure
Was many a thousand peradventure ;
A hundred strange Enthusiasms ;
Lights new as that, and fond phantasms
The most renowned *Angurs* ply'd
Their painful studies, and discry'd
A thousand stories and keck shoes,
To lead the doubtful by the noses.
The *Phrygian* Conjurers could not rest
Sicilian Bards were all possest,
Nay all the Rabble had a maggot,
Bigger in head the stick of faggot.
Aneas in a pious frolick
Pulls from his neck a certain relick,
It was a chain of gold, at which,
There hung a medal very rich.
'Twas all of broyld St. *Lawrence* left,
And grav'd upon an Agat haft ;
To that annex in Christal hung
The very Cole that burnt Saint's tongue.

Thus

Thus gifted came he to *Acestes* ;
Great Sir, to you my deep protest is,
That for an Archer there was none
Was ever fit to wipe your shoon.

Who would the Devil himself not blame,
Not having seen, to credit fame ?

For who can think that did not see,

That thou couldst little bit of tree

In th'Ayr at distance come to fire,

By *Jove* it maketh me admire.

Fore *George* , as I am come of woman,

Jove owes thee kindness more than common.

As for my part, the heavens protect thee,

Like my dead father I respect thee,

And than my Mother ten times better,

If now I ly, then hell me fetter.

What though the prizes all be gon,

Thou shalt have presents of our own,

To satisfy for thy ill luck,

That mark so surely from thee took.

*For to say
truth many
that neve
Jaw it doubt
it to this
bowre.*

With

With that he made him three low leggs
And gave him the foremention'd jigs.
And more then all that, something more,
(Which I it seems forgot before.)
A goblet of a massie weight,
A work emboss'd most accurate,
This cup so trimm'd with fine devices
Was for a fairing, sent *Anchises*
By *Cissus* a good friend of his,
Who living ; Club did never miss ;
But being dead, yet every night,
In dear remembrance of old Knight ;
Anchises made the Goblet weep,
Till both forgot, he fell asleep
To make the Ceremony stanch,
He Crown'd him with an Olive branch ;
A most exceeding favour that,
Because he seldom wore his hat.
Eurytion nothing envious
To see him first rewarded thus,

Aneas wisdom did approve ;
Aneas thank't him for his love,
 And gave him eke a good reward ;
 For civil men by civil regard
 To generous spirits, seldom loose.
Menestheus had his old shoes.
Hippocoon two nutmegs guilt :
 For where the text employs a guilt ,
 By mentioning no gifts at all ;
 We judge the gifts were very small.
 From Archerie to Horsemanship
 They next proceed with spur and whip.
Epirides the first appear'd
 With chin conceal'd in monstrous beard ;
 He was *Ascanius* Pædagoge.
 A most austere Ars-firking dog
 But yet esteem'd as learn'd a Sir John,
 As ere was bred up at the Sorbon.
 He could compose a Catch or Cannon ,
 And verses make with *George Buchannan*.

Native

Native of *Rion* in *Auvernia* ;
 But plagu'd with a disease call'd *Hernia*.
 Soon as he came before his betters
 He shewd himself a man of Letters,
 Making a hundred ugly scrapes,
 Like Scholar that the Courtier apes.
Aneas soon as one could wake him,
 Spies formal fool, and thus bespake him ;
Epirides where's my *Cock-Robin* ?
 Will he a while leave placket-bobbing,
 And for a Steed leave riding wenches ?
 Then give him Horse fit for his inches.
 Where's all the other younger fry,
 Have they their Coursers fit to fly,
 To let the world know by their fooling;
 Their parents gave 'em no mean schooling ?
 Go quickly then and fetch 'em all :
Epirides with legs so smal
 And Thighs as dry as Kixes, though
 As swift as arrow out of bow,

Made so much hast, that some protest,
He leapt full thirty foot at least,
At every leap; for such men fly
Alway, when th'are in Masterseye.
Returning like the flowing surges,
With a whole troop of young St. Georges,
They were as plump, and loo'd as fairly
As hogs, that ly all day ith' Barly.
Their Horses like a several bride,
Both necks and tayles with Ribands ty'd.
Inn's a Court gentlemen all they were,
And every one a sling did weare.
Not to sling love-songs cross the way,
But slugs and stones in deadly fray.
Arrows and Bows did others weare,
Which Parents gave at *Bartholmew Fair*.
For then were no such things to smoak ye,
As fierce Dragooniers under Okey.
But others like your French *gens d'armes*,
Had Spears and Lances for their Armes.

H

Their

Their right paws were in Gunlers cas'd,

And roaring leathers hats embrac'd.

About their necks they Cuiras had,

Of double gilded Latten made.

Some for right mettle did them hold;

But all that glisters is not gold.

Three Captains lead three neat Squadrons,

With Scarfs of *Lindsey Woolsey* Aprons,

For in three Squadrons were the Chuffs,

For the use
of Colours
was not
when in fa-
stion.

Distinguished one by *Spanish* Ruffs.

The next were hats with Steep'e-Crowns,

The third the *Switzers* Bonnet owens.

One of these Chiefs that was no dastard,

Of poor *Polixus* was the Bastard.

The younger son of *Priamus*,

Who knockt down *Neoptolemus*;

In Pages Trouzies up he mounts,

A Carriers horse, by all accounts,

But such a one, that drels him well

Would cleer outtan the Divil of Hell.

And

And sooner would he leap a River,
 Than some a Cart-rut should get over.
 The next to him was *Assys* hight,
Julus love, and sole delight.
 Though to be plain, if all tales are true,
 More for his rayl, than for his vertue.
 What Horse he had, Gelding or Mare,
Virgil is pleas'd to speak to spare,
 But questionless the trade he drove,
 Got him well mounted for his Love.
 Some men admire why such a one,
 Is favour'd by a mighty *Don*;
 But search the grals well with your eyes,
 And you shall see where the Snake lies.
As cane as young, last in degree,
 Was yet the first in quality.
 His gaudy coat and feather'd hat
 Made all the people cry, who's that?
 But far beyond his glittering garb,
 His Courser was a Chestnut Barb.

Not such a shap'd or nimble steed,
 Did all the fields of *Sidon* breed.
 'Twas *Didos* gift, though when she made it,
 Had she known all, he ner'e had had it.
 This Horse was only fit to show
 On *Whitsun-holidays* or so;
 He was a perfect Ram; for Capring;
 And many a Knight for all his vap'ring,
 Unless he held fast by his Crest,
 Would put him in danger of his Chest.
 But let him all his jades tricks try,
 Run Valley low, or Mountain high.
 Or play the Devil on all four,
Julus fate him like a Tower,
 So well he govern'd hand and foot,
 As he had been *George Castriot*,
 Or one of *Don of Austria's* Riders;
 Which he's a Coxcomb that considers.
 For all the other meaner *Squires*
Accestes common Hackneys hires.

Geldings

Geldings for ſome, for others Mares,
 With Fillies pricking up their ears.
 The *Trojans* clapt their hands by dozens,
 Seeing the Children of their Couſens.
 Here ſome of whom they knew the Mothers,
 There ſome their own, though got by others,
 And every one as fine as ſippence,
 And all prepar'd to run for thrippence.
 See youth, cries one, on yonder Mire,
 Mothers n'own boy, both dip and haire
 'Twas pretty thus to hee'r um read,
 How living face was like the dead.
 Such pretty cheeks with pretty dimples,
 You ſhall not ſee in both the Temples.
 Though then they look'd a little whitish,
 For fear leaſt Courſer ſhould prove ſkittiſh.
 At length when every pretty Elf
 Had in his Saddle fix'd himſelf.
Epirides with nimble ſtick,
 Makes whipcord briſkly cry ſmack-ſmack.

At which they all alarum take ;
 Far better, than their Steeds, divining
 By sound of whip-cord, Pedants meaning.
 Streight the three squadrons they divide
 In bodies two, or *Maro* ly'd.
 Some fly away, while some pursue,
 And at their backs with switches flew.
 But feeling smart, make head again,
 Ribroosting t'others for their pain.
 Weary of being thus lambasted,
 Eft-soons to milder sport they hasted.
 Here three to three, there two to two,
 There more, (hey tofs what's here to do!)
 They prance and frisk it to and fro ;
 Foe runs in full career at foe ;
 When to accord the sturdy knee,
 And skilful trip, with *Hait* or *Gee*,
 (Which horses learn without much trouble)
 In full career they make a *double* ;
 So Huntsmen say ; but Horsemen, turn ;

Turn

Turn let it be then, for I scorn
Much contradiction: that's to say,
They did as girls that dance the Hay.
These pretty Turn-again-Whitingtons,
Made by these Gentlemens eldest sons
Their crosse careirs, Turns whole and half,
Which *Father* made and *Mother* laugh,
Were like the Labyrinth so pretty,
Once fram'd by *Dadalus* the witty,
To *Minos* Sarjeant-Carpenter.
Within whose walls as men did err,
Or go astray, or vainly wander,
Not knowing tricks of gay *Meander*;
So these young sprouts of *Troy* renown'd,
Sometimes their *Horses* turning round,
Now running in a streight careir.
And sometimes *Idoubling* here and there,
Like nimble *Dolphins* seem'd to play,
Like *Dolphins* in the *Lybie* Seas.
When *Boreas* bold, thank *Boreas* for't,

Is pleas'd not to disturb] their sport.
 Then out comes *Fleabit* and *Tregonnel*
 And *hey* for *Strawberrie*, that last won all.
 Some run for Crowns, and some for Guinies,
 The cunning Jockies cheat the punies.
 But last of all, that which was most,
 They rais'd a most confounded dust.
 And thus you see these youths so crinck
 Shew'd Parents many a pretty pranck
 Which afterwards *Julus*, He
 That founded *Albas* fair Citce.
 Becoming King most powerful,
 Did recommend by special Bull,
 Unto his Race of *Romans* bold,
 For to observe and eke to hold,
 As sacred to their fathers names,
 By Title of the *Trijan* Games.
 And thus you see what slight occasions
 Men take sometimes to Cajole Nations
 While wise *Aneas* thus imployes,

Being a
 notable po-
 litician.

His

His time in gaping upon boyes,
 Fortune, who being of Greek extraction,
 (And therefore of the Grecian faction)

*What won't
 great people
 do for their
 own ends.*

Hated a *Trojan* at her heart ;
 Resolves to shew him to his smart.

Another of her plaguy dog-tricks,

Juno, old *Priam's* dear Exec'trix,

More full of mischief than a Page,

Plump as a Tike with female rage,

To trusty Gossip, *Iris* hies,

A practis'd bitch in telling lies,

Juno her mind did soon impart,

Which *Iris* had as soon by heart,

Q'oth she, for words there needs no pumping,

I know your meaning by your mumping:

So brib'd with promises and dollars

She flung an old scarf ore her Colours ;

Away she cuts her airy passage,

To prosecute her damn'd Ambassage.

And as she went, her legs she shews,

Fa'l

Full neatly clad in crimson hose
Well garter'd too, above the knee,
As they affirm, that both did see.
Slow was her pace, for being plump
She fear'd to fret her tender rump.
From *Arcady*, without a wherry,
She quickly cross'd the Ocean ferry.
And cause the 'Road was straight and free,
She was not long from *Sicily*,
Where she beheld, in Armor glittering
The lazy *Trojans* scaperloysting
The Fleet was left like Theif in Mill,
Or to be gon, or stay, at will.
Nor Dog to bark, nor boy to ban,
What ever danger should befall;
Both boys and dogs were all ago
To see my *Lord Aeneas* show.
The women by themselves afar,
Were private from these acts of warr
As 'twere in publick hugger mugger,
Clawing

Clawing away the sack and Sugar,
 Till crying ripe, the wine intices
 Some to bewail defunct *Anchises*.
 While others at misfortune wept ;
 Well well-quo one, time was I kept
 As good a house for *East-cheap* beef,
 As she that was Church-Wardens wife;
 And for good Pewter and for Brass
 And dining Room rub'd with a gloss,
 I had as good as most ith' Parish
 Though some perhaps might make more flourish
 How long shall Ladies nice of stomach
 Be forc'd to ly in swabbers Hamock ?
 How long shall women bred so squeamish ?
 Ly nose in ars midst *Hogo's* flemmish ?
 Others that were more finely *Mandlin*
 Call'd poor *Aeneas* Goose and Codlin,
 Come, come, I love to speak, cries one,
 Theres Captain turd, let him alone,
 Let him but drink while he can see,

He

He cares not what betides poor we,
He crams his guts as at a wedding,
While we are glad of hasty pudding.
Where is the City that he promis'd?
I doubt I shall be ana—tomiz'd.
Ere that day come: he might ha' had
Cities enough, would he have staid;
But he would needs have to'ther tofs.
Your rowling stones ne're gather moss.
While cups and tongues thus fast do move,
As both for nimbleness had strove,
Iris that saw their drunken posture.
Quits shape divine betokning moisture;
With staff in hand, on eyes spectacles,
Like wife of *Doricles*, her self the rackets,
And old *Witch* that had liv'd so long,
She had forgot that she was young,
For the reversion of whose joynture,
The fifteenth race had cry'd, God Saint her.
Though she were old, yet she was subtle,

And

And to the purpose well could prattle.
 My Grannam *Bere* she was high,
 Though dark with age, the Ages light.
 Mischievous *It's* in this form
 Appears in midst of all the Chirm,
 To whom as soon as she could make,
 'Em hold their clacks these words she spake, *Which she*
 Poor women, Poor unhappy women! *was half a*
 Companions only now for Seamen, *day a doing*
 How long with grief must ye contend,
 Oh where shall be your sorrows end?
 Had ye not better that the *Dolopps*
 Had long since cut ye into Collops?
 Then from vexation of your souls
 Y'had lain secure among the Moles.
 Rather than thus to live at Sea
 Half dead with hunger every day:
 Your hands that fanns did only dandle,
 Now forc'd the rugged Oar to handle,
 Distress'd inhabitants of Pinnaces.

To

To whom the Sea destruction menaces.
 That live in boats, where ticks and fleas,
 Without respect of persons seize :
 Rather then lead a life so fell,
 Women had better live in Hell.
 'Tis now seaven years, or little less
 That you in cold and heats distress,
 Poor wrinkled weather beaten Madams
 Lead by the noses like *Jack Adams*,
 In vain do hunt the flying shore,
 Which Fate has promis'd ten times ore;
 A tale that I shall nere believe,
 Nor pin my faith upon her sleeve.
 Let her go on and vainly coax
 Our credulous leader, *John, Anocks*.
 A quartan Ague stop his Lungs.
 For him we have endur'd these wrongs;
 But heres anow, lets have a care :
 Why can't we tarry where we are ?
 What ailes this Country? tis both good

And

And Govern'd by our flesh and blood.
 Let's build a Town among our kindred,
 Our friend *Acestes* nere will hinder't,
 There we may play our wanton tricks,
 Not subject to the Oceans freaks.
 Our Country Gods I pity too,
 Han't they a fine time? what think you?
 Snatch't from the rage of *Grecian* Robbers.
 To be made Cabin-boys and Swobbers
 Fools! can we hope for so much joy,
 Ere to revisit your old Troy?
 Or *Symois*, fam'd for *Moribens* plenty?
 Or *Xanthus* nere of Gudgeons emptie?
 Then let's go burn those pocky Vessels;
 That are not fit to harbour *Weasels*.
 This night my candle burning blew,
Cassandras Ghost my Curtains drew,
 Quo she, why wander ye like *Tartars*?
 In *Sicily* take up your quarters.
 What will ye always live like *Barnacles*?

That

That may have Towns like *Athen*, or *Napl. s.*
Always be swimming on the Seas,
Like VVidgeons or like *Soland* Geese ?
Burn then those fly-boats, why d'ye tarry ?
If husbands chafe, ye have your Lurry.
Behold four Altars newly rais'd
Where sacrifices lately blaz'd.
To *Neptune* for some currenies,
VVhere fire enough in Embers lies :
Find you but heart's, the Gods find flames;
Courage then, thrice Immortal Dames.
Take leave of damn'd seafaring trade,
And of the ships make a Grilliade
Be you but bold, I don't say cruel,
The Gods find fire, and yonder's fuel:
This having said the plaguy strumpet,
Takes up a brand, and stead of trumpet,
Blowes the hot coal, to wake the flame;
Go then, she cry'd ith' Devils name.
VVith that so swift she flung the brand,

As sent it soon to journeys end.
 And where as soon, it was apparent
 He dally'd not to tell his arrant.
 Dames, that before nere saw such jigs,
 Began to stare like roasted Pigs ;
 They star'd so long you would have thought,
 Their very eyes would have dropt out.
 They knew not what to think or say,
 For all the stuff they had, there lay.
 Here soft compassion to her Kettle,
 There pity'd pinner stops her mettall.
 Another gins her cheeks to wet,
 In mercy to her Cabinet.
 At length, steps up an ancient Matron ;
 That *Priamus* by strings of Apron,
 Had often lead, as being one,
 Had nurs'd him many a Girl and Son ;
 Whom she their Primars also taught,
 And firkt their royal tayls for naught.
 This venerable peice of Age

Hight *Pyrgo*, more than Midwife sage;
 With voice like Kitten, when it mews,
 Thrusting her neck out like a Goose,
 Quo she, let's not be over hasty,
 To credit *Beroe*, she's too too testy.
 Come, come my friends, I know what's what,
 And I must tell ye——I smell a Rat.
 She *Beroe*, shee's a lying slut;
 She's no more *Beroe*, than my Scut.
 Alas poor *Beroe*'s sick a bed,
 Scarce an hower since I dress'd her head.

You might
 ha' believ'd
 her without
 swearing.

And then she swore the Devil take her,
 That there was nothing worse did make her;
 Then that she could not come to sip,
 And chat with us and smoke her pipe;
 'Tis not for want of Love or Grace,
 She came not hither to say mass
 For old *Anchise* in purgatorie.
 But her old age, which makes me sorry.
 To see her made a stalking horse

And

And that for mischief, which is worse,
 No, no, this wench ith' Devils name,
 Is come from Heav'n from *Jove's* good dame.
 Her Armpits smel of Rosemary,
 Which strongly prove divinity.
 Her lively aire, and feet's proceeding,
 And eke her voice speak heav'nly breeding
 To little purpose thus spoke *Pyrgo* :
 For not one soul beli ev'd her—*Ergo*.
 Yet in respect to female Wizard,
 They stood a while twixt hawk and buzzard.
 They liked well *Sicilian* plains,
 But Fate had sobewhim'd their brains
 With windmils they should have in *Latium*,
 Which for the present much did dash'em.
Iris that had no mind to dally
 Seeing'em thus stand shally shally,
 Streightway her self *disberoz'd*,
 And in true shape re-Deitiz'd,
 She through a cloud her bow displays,

And on her wings, with heavenly grace,
 A whole and even course she steers;
 Then in a moment disappears.
 There was no need of doing more,
 The *Trojan* women now give ore,
 And now like boys in fields of Moor,
 That go to pillage Baud and Whore;
 In Troops most fiercely diabolic,
 They take in hand their cursed Frolic.
 Like people mad, or stark posselt,
 Acting what only rage thought best.
 They sack and pillage *Neptunes* Altars,
 As if they nere had read their Psalters;
 Fate kifs their rayls, and for *Aneas*,
 They count him but a silly flea as.
 By these fierce Queans thus arm'd with fire
 In hand and rayl and upper tire.
 The Gallies kindled look like Torches.,
 The flames are not for Spanish Marches,
 But rather *a la mode de France*,

From

From Rope to rope they nimbly prance.
The *Turk* himself upon the Ropes,
Nere shew'd such strange Curvers and hops.
The Ropes they eat for Sau sages
And on the Sails for Tripes they seize.
They dress'em not in Cook-room though,
But eat the Cookroom up also;
Yet could not master all, be't known,
They left the Furnace as a bone.
Down to the water they eat all,
But would not drink because 'twas small:
Flames nere so thirsty, understand ye,
No liquors love, but Wine and Brandy.
Eumelus all in haste comes posting,
To see what Women were a roasting;
The flames did so their business handle,
That he might see without a candle,
The matter was too too transparent,
And so he quickly had his errant:
Back he returns with horrid din,

But nimble sparks too fleet for him
 Had told before how stood affairs ;
 Alarm'd by those Messagers ,
 The people all make to the shore :
As cane a horseback gets before ;
 Damn'd jades quo he the Devil confound ye;
 But fires your friend, the Devil drown'd ye.
 What witchcraft thus posselt ye all,
 To burn our ships both great and small ?
 A madness Græcian rage outstrips,
 They burnt our houses, lest our ships.
 The pox possess and burn' you next,
 A crew of whores, that Hell perplex,
 And sent from thence a plague to us.
 Was ever Treason black as this ?
 Consuming now our boats and ropes,
 Y'have burnt the last of our hopes.
 Accursed Bitches, with black souls,
 Blacker then are your own made Coles-
 Whore's only fit to be strappado'd ,

*Passion
 makes any
 man mi-
 stake.*

And

And back and belly bastonadod,
Y'have brought me here with such a flutter,
That I have almost broke my crupper,
Besides the loss of all my sport,
Hell take your plaguy bon-fire for't.
This having said, with fury tost,
Like a blind man that staff had lost,
He threw his cap so hard toth'ground,
As made it back to's hand rebound.
Aeneas like a Lacquie puffing,
Comes in at length swearing and huffing;
He look't like one besides his wits,
Tore his *Montero* all to bits;
But when the whole he understands,
He falls a gnawing both his hands;
Then in a passion out he roars,
Where are these jades, these plaguy whores!
Incarnate Devils, I'll quit their scores.
But cunning bitches once the feat
Being done had, sounded a retreat;

*A neat in-
vention to
give him
his hat
witho-
ut a
lighting.*

Whip they were gon forsooth to pifs ,
 So general the engagement is ;
 That you might sooner cut your throat ,
 Than see a Smock or Peticoat ;
 They had all found Daughter and Mother
 In Rocks or Sands some hole or other.
 Some in the next Woods refuge take,
 For all their Arses buttons make,
 Seeing the Jades prancks they had plaid,
 For *Iris* then they backward pray'd.
 And spending on *Juno* in Follies free ,
 Of *Billings-gate* Artillery.
 More mad at her that drell'd'em in,
 And jeeres'em now out of their skin,
 But still the Vessels they burn on,
 Till massie Timber's almost gon.
 Wife work i' faith for bearded Chins ,
 To leave their Ketches at thirteen's.
 The colking made so thick a smoak ,
 As would a Chimney-Sweeper choak.

Hero's

Hero's like fools stood gaping on ;
But all their strength was useless grown.
Aneas being sore distressed,
To see the Devil make such a Feast,
Bedaub'd and plaister'd with despair
Clawes his white skin and tears his hair,
To see his ships where hopes rely'd
By dirty drabs so fricass'y'd.
He tore his garments all he had
Which made his smirking Taylor glad.
And then his hairy brest he shewed
All scabby to the multitude ;
At length with voice of dying man ,
He cross'd his Arms, and thus spoke on.
O Jove of whom I never fail,
To speak kind words, though in my Ale.
Ay me behold this fatal blaze,
Such nere beset in ali your days ;
For give me leave to let you know so ,
Troys fire to this, was but a so, so ;

If

If you have any kindness for's,
 And that grey Mare ben't better Horse;
 If there be any smooth *Bordachio*
 That does affect your smooth *Mustachio*,
 I mean, mong us, let me be him,
 I'll strive to please ye with my limb.
 You shall have with me, bate extortion,
 An ample younger brothers portion:
 If this be pleasing to your Grace
 Laugh not but weep, lend weeping face,
 And all the tears that you can shed
 On ships with flames invironed;
 Damn'd Sempstresses wou'd they were whipt,
 Have a'l our grand affairs unript;
 And therefore *pour L'amour de dieu*
 Give us some Rain or else some snow;
 They'l be more welcome now, good sooth,
 Then showers in Harvest after drouth:
 Rain pailsuls therefore for a spurt
 E'le I'll not give thee sixpence for't;

*Plain deals
 ing's a jew-
 el.*

You

You have a Sun, that with his bucket
Knowes up again well how to pluck it.
Sometimes ye rain down hei ! ding dong,
Giving your water for a song.

That *Holland* felt, nor drap *de berry*,
Are able to withstand the ferry.

And when we pray but for Ale quart,
Thou giv'st us *Winchester* measure for't :

Then if thou lov'st me, deare *Jove*, rain,
Rain for thy life and fill the main ,

Till like a piss pot it run ore;
Never came rain to purpose more.

Give our your ships that are so hot all ,
But one kind dram of thy full bottle.

Aeneas had no sooner ended,
But a vast deluge straight descended :

Showers did not fall , but rather Rivers ,
The *Trojans* look't like Cornish divers :

Aeneas wash'd, began to scowl,
Though but just now, his very soul

*For Juno
was gone a
Gossiping
and knew
nothing of
his Petition.*

He

He would have pawn'd for but one brimmer;
 The Gods could hardly please his humour.
 To tell ye how fine feathers lookt
 Like Capons tayles, how scarfs bemuck't
 Had chang'd their Curious glossie hues,
 Or the sad fate of Calves-skin shoos,
 Tis needles quite, for you may gues;,
 But's ships were in a better case;
 For fire and water falling out,
 The water hap't to be most stout,
 And quickly maugre their welch heat,
 Over the flames the victory get.
 So that what ever did remain,
 Was surely saved by the rain.
 But though your flames were quench'd &ccas'd
Aneas could nor well digest
 These blowes of Fate, which made him muddy
 And put him in a deep brown study,
 What course to steer, or how t'app'y
 To present evils, remedy.

Long was he in a great quandary,
Whither to go his ways or tarry.

Pox o' these Oracles quo he,
They tell no truth that I can see.

Then up steps, an old *Cinque* and *Quatre*
Grave *Nautes* hight, whom *Jove* wife daughter
Chose from his Cradle for her Crony,
And with him often top'd *Stypone*.

A desperate *Casulist*, for he well
Aquinas knew, and *Zabarell*.

And for predictions a meer Lilly.
Only for Rimes Drammatic silly.

This Doctor taking streight, forsooth,
Aneas words out of his mouth

Aneas th'art a fool quo he,
Leave fretting and be rul'd by me.

Fortunes a Whore, a meer Gilflurt,

And scoras the more, the more ye court,

Let her be Pox't and hang'd for a Jade,

Throw thy Cap at her, and her aid.

Go

Go boldly, without fear or wit,
 And hit that nail that will be hit.
 Yet cause two heads are better than one
Acestes of your privy Coun——
 Cel swear, he'll hear thee with a whistle ;
 And he's as shrew'd a man as *Cecil*.
 For th'old and lame, knock'em oth'head;
 Tis just like having babes to bed.
 For lazie Truants, man or woman,
 Turn'em a grazing on some Common :
 Where if the rain or wind do trouble,
 They may build huts with lome and stubble.
 Which then, they for a Town may take,
 And call't *Acestes* for his sake.
 But all the lusty swaggering blades,
 That can both fight and ravish maids ,
 Burn Villages and plunder Towns ,
 Swear oaths of all dimensions,
 Keep these as th'apple of your eye,
 And be their chief , I'll tell ye why,

To murder all the innocent flock
 That live by *Takers* little brook.
 But which shall shortly tosse her nose,
 Above all the floods *Jo: Moxon* knows;
 And spite of all their teeths compel
 'Em to pay Custom and *Ga——bel*
 Thus ends the Prophet Gaffer two-shoos:
 For standing cold without Galoshoes,
 The rhume his nose did tickle fore;
 And sneezing forc'd him to give ore.
Aeneas wits gon wool to gather,
 Heed neither speech nor *Nautes* neither.
 His busie pate was full of parables,
 His soul was prickt as twere with sparables;
 Thus paind like maid that weareth willow,
 Quo he, Ile go consult my pillow.
 Now was the night as dark as pitch is
 And near the hour that favours witches;
 When he tossing and tumbling lies,
 Like one in Love above the eyes.

Or

Or vexed soul, when houer is fled,
That *Maudlin* swore she'd come to bed.
Thus lying as he lay, tormenting
His brain-sick noddle with inventing,
Up comes the Reverent *Anchises*
In the same Doublet, Hose and Breeches
As he was always wont to weare;
For knowing how his son did feare,
Besides those Devils, Rats and Ferrers,
Those other Devils called Spirits,
And that an Apparition might
Make mad work with the sheets by night
Thought fit to come in shape lest dreadful
To him that had his brest and head full.
The Curtains drawn, he sets him down
And then quo he, God save ye Son.
Up start's *Aneas* in a huddle,
And all affrighted, piss'd a puddle.
For fear, though they were strong as *Ludgates*
Will set ope any Mortal's Floodgates.

When

When Father cry'd in deep affection ;
Hold water Son, ye have protection.
Go ring your shirt, and leave surmises
I am your Father old *Anchises*.
Jove that has quench'd the raging fire,
According to your own desire ,
Has sent me here your brains to settle,
And not with fear your mind to nettle.
As for the old and the decrepit,
To that which *Nautes* says, give credit:
Tis good advice, and as sententious,
As *Huncks* ere gave to son licentious.
But those that can both say and do ,
Let them go all along with you,
To *Tiber's* stream, to which are bred night
A warlike race, of a strange kidney.
That sling a Devil and half at once,
If e're they meet with any affronts.
But ere ye go to this same war,
You must go under ground d'y'heare,

K

And

And visit sable *Pluto's* manner.

Where I shall be to do thee honour ;

And make thee welcome as a Prince,

As hath the old saying been long since.

For I am no tormented soul

But walk about upon parole.

In fields *Elysian* without fetters ;

Where all your souls mark't with red letters,

Their several sports and pastimes take,

With Cards, or Bowles, or Ale and Cake.

There you shall meet a curteous Sibill

Which there men credit next the Bible ;

She'l go before you with a Lanthorn

To shew you ev'ry corner, and turn :

There you shall hear me make Tautologies.

Concerning all your Genealogies.

Which every day I con by heart ,

As Children say their mornings part.

So Son adieu , the day appears ;

I dare not tarry for my ears.

For

For when the Sun awakes the Daw's,
Hobgoblins eyes always draw straws.
Aneas in a plaguy fear,
Sneaks out his head and cries who's there ?
But having now the night-Mare slain ;
And rung his wits all in again,
He springs upon his tayl anon ;
Quo he, what Father gon so soon ?
Not stay and take a dram oth' bottle,
After the pains of so much twattle ?
How is your heart so cruel grown ?
So short a visit, and be gon ?
Return again my dear Dadda,
And hear how well I yet can say,
Pray Father pray to God blefs me :
That silly fear should so oppress me ?
And make me thus forget all grace :
Dog in a Doublet as I was.
Then out he goes for tinder box,
But by the way so hard he knocks

His Princely thins against a Chair,
 That passion urg'd could not forbear;
 Quo he, pox take this dog my father,
 To lead me thus I know not whither;
 I warrant it an Inch-Incision,
 The Devil take him with his vision.
 But by and by when pain was over,
 And senses did their seat recover,
 His anger cooles, and he repents
 Of his ungracious complements.
 To make his peace he smoak'd the Room
 With Frankincense or some perfume.
 A consecrated Cheescake next,
 If I am not besides the Text,
 (Though *Lipsius* and the *German* gang
 Of Pedants only fit to hang,
 Say 'twas a Fool) which merits faith
 As giv'n to one that had no teeth.)
 He gave old *Vesta*, old indeed,
 Sh'had liv'd five thousand years a Maid;

Now

Now call'd the Goddess mumble-Crust.
 This offering finish'd, and in post
 His mattins said, and *Ave Marias*,
 He's fix'd again for new figaries.
 He goes to find the Rabble out,
 He tels his tale; they laugh and flout;
 Until he swore by his Virginity;
 And then they could not in civility
 But credit every word he said.
Acestes readily obey'd,
 And without making long discourse
 Promis'd'em all his utmost force,
Aneas not to spoil his plot,
 Resolves to strike while the Iron's hot.
 He streight calls out the old and feeble
 And women most unprofitable,
 And all the dainty, Lazie blouses,
 That snips forsake to live in houses.
 He only kept with him the stout,
 Such as would hold all weathers out

Of which one man would cudgel four,
 And four would ribrost half a score.
 In number few, but great in heart,
 Not valuing danger of a farr.
 The ships were presently repair'd,
 New Oars are fram'd, new masts are rear'd.
 New tassata Jacks and silken streamers
 For this new model had no Dreamers.
 A toyl that words have quickly ended,
 For what's soon said, is soon amended.
Aeneas now Surveyor turns,
 Gets him a Plough, and beasts with horns,
 And most gentilely like a Clown,
 Scores out the Model of a Town;
 The Streets, the Lanes, and Market places,
 Exact like Troy with all her graces.
 Their Concubines apartment,
 And privies most magnificent
Acestes laugh'd untill he puk'd,
 To find his Honour thus be-luk'd,

Makes

Makes law's a hundred more then twenty ;
 And Officers close stool to empty.
 Then where they never were before ,
 To *Venus* , that Celestial whore
 Upon the mountain , *Erycine* ,
 He makes a Temple , and a Shrine ,
 To lay *Anchises* bones therein ,
 And of the order *Jacobin* ,
 He Consecrates a lazie Priest ,
 Whose office 'twas in dirty vest ,
 Before a Taper [always burning ,
 To howl out ditties full of mourning.
 Thus having got a little quiet
 They fell to junketting and riot ;
 Nine days in gluttony they toyl ,
 And drink like Shoomakers the while ;
 Till now the Ocean calm and gay
 Tell's em 'tis time to take away.
 The Southwind blows, but makes no bustle,
 More then to call'em with his whistle.

The longest day must have an end ,
 And friend at length must part with friend.
 So'tis with them, now season calls,
 Of force they must pack up their Awls.
 The Galley-rosters then began
 To howl and blubber, and take on ;
 The women loath to ly alone
 Are all now frantic to be gon.
Aneas, who had words at will,
 Begs'em with patience to be still ;
 Sometimes he laughs, sometimes he cries,
 As *Cunning* sway'd his drolleries.
 Twenty deluding tricks he us'd,
 And so their female brains amus'd,
 That they were well content to yeild,
 And to the Conquest quit the Feild.
 O heav'ns now what a noise is here !
 Of humble servant, thine my Deare ,
 Farewell my Joy, farewell my Love,
 Farewel my Hony, Duck and Dove ,

They

They kiss, they cry, they laugh, shake hands,
 Embrace and hugg, and on the Sands
 Th'had taken their last leave, some think,
 Had Captain giv'n'em the least wink.
 Three Sheep are to the Tempests slain,
 To keep'em in a merry vain.
 And then for *Eryx* that town Bull
 Four *Heifers* from the Herds they cull.
 The Anchors weigh'd, all ready now,
Aeneas stands upon the prow,
 With Olive branch upon his brow;
 As thus he sate in Princely pomp,
 On a Portmantle easing Rump,
 A young *tarpaulin Jack* a lent
 Brought him a cup of musty Tent;
 What's this quo he, the juice of Toads?
 'Tis well enough, 'twill serve the Gods:
 With that he pow'd it down the Main,
 That drank it, as't had been *Champaign*.
 The guts and Garbadge of each beast,

He

He gave the *Tritons* for a feast.

For with the Brisket, Chines and Ribs,

Trojans themselves had fil'd their cribs.

The Seas thus pleas'd with Sail, and Oar,

They part from the beloved shoar.

You would have sworn, had you been near

That all the *Kent-Street* Broom-men there

Had empty'd all their leathern geare,

Nothing was extant to your views

For a whole mile but Womens shoos.

Thus in old shoos their wishes flew,

While they look on and wish for new :

And so return from viewing fleet

With tongues more clamorous than their feet

Venus the while a slut most crafty,

And mindful of her white boy's safety,

Bids Coachman harness *Flanders* Mares,

And streight to *Neptune* she careirs.

Neptune, it being long Vacation,

For want of better recreation,

With

With Oyster shels, and rocky flakes
 Was busie making Ducks and Drakes ;
 But when he saw the Lackerd Coach ,
 He left his sport and makes approach,
 Bless me, quo sine, what mean you so
 Your noble pastime to forego ?
 In truth I blame my rudeness for't ;
 That thus hath made you leave your sport,
 With voice more lulling than a lute
 She had so charm'd the Sea-green Brute,
 Madam quo he, kissing her hand,
 I were not worthy my command,
 Should I not all things set a side
 When such a Dame, so near ally'd
 Whom I love more, than you can guess it,
 Shal honour me with such a visit;
 Good now what wind has blown you hither ?
 Some plot of *Juno* upon the weather:
 Y'are in the right on't, on my Honour
 She plagues my heart out, pox upon her,

Tis

'Tis scarce a month but in despite,
She burnt up all my sons whole fleet.
And would have gridled him himself,
But that the pretty harmless Elfe
Has a good faculty to ball it,
When any mischief does befall it.
In all our heav'nly Court there's none
But hates her like a Scorpion.
And *Jupiter's* a Hobby-horse,
He does not kick her out of dores
As one would kick a dog or bitch.
She has the Devil in her breech.
Time that brings all things to an end,
Can't bound the malice of this fiend.
The *Laws* of Fate she chops and changes,
As all things mov'd upon her hinges.
What need I tell you, you well know,
She's nothing else but fire and Tow.
But t'other day, in *Lybic Seas*
What a Combustion did she raise!

Attempting those her wild segaries
 Within your Highness territories;
 But that your Grace, I humbly thank ye,
 Seeing how meanly she did rank ye,
 Were pleas'd to take good cognizance
 Of puffing slaves Irreverence,
 And so cornub'd'em, that I think
 Their windy holes began to stink ;
 And then the sneaking sons of whores
 Pull'd in their horns, like Cuckolds Currs,
 That find by letters intercepred,
 How well their stately heads are grafted.
 But tempests missing her desire ,
 she seeks to work her ends by fire ;
 But then her husband by a shower
 Stopt the damn'd progress of her power :
 That which remains, I beg your Grace
 To let your Seas keep smiling face.
 Let only gentle *Zephyr* be
 Your Highness courteous Deputy.

And

And for those resty *Aquilo's*
 Chase'em like *Hornets* from my nose.
 Let *Son* at *Tyber* safe arrive;
 And for so doing, as I live.
 My Maids shall work ye against *Easter*,
 A pointed Band worth twice a tester.
 I tell you this, as I am modest
 Upon the word of a true *Goddeſs*,
 Dear Madam, why ſuch words as theſe?
 You are ſole *Miſtreſs* of the Seas.
 From thence you came: The Seas were mad,
 If they for you no kindneſs had.
 And therefore vex your ſelf no more,
 I'll make the winds your breath adore.
 I'll have a care of your young man,
 The ſame that *Doe* has of her fawn:
 Fair *Simois* and *Xanthus* both
 I call to witneſs upon Oath
 The large effects of former care;
Achilles when, great man of War,

Aſſaulting

Assaulting *Troy*, a bold adventure,
Your dapper Son would needs incounter
And like to have his brains knockt out,
In cloud I rapt him, as in clout,
While his fierce foe in vain pursu'd,
And th'Air as vainly hackt and hew'd
I have the same protection still,
The same intention and good will;
And for the sake of your bright eyes
He ne're shall want what in me lies.
Moreo're to shew I love him well,
I'll give him passage into Hell.
Egress and regress to his wishes,
As he were one of my own Fishes.
The Lady hearing so much mercy,
Dropt him a very delicate Curtsey.
The King of floods then gave command,
And Coach is tackled out of hand;
Coach by two *Hippopotams* drawr,
Not *Dolphins* as the Learned sain

And

And on the billows then he drives
The pace of Princes and their wives
At his approach the Sea becalms,
The waves as quiet are, as Lambs ;
Winds clap their tayls betwixt their legs,
Like Chaplain took at *Baudy Pegs*:
The Scene was chang'd quite through the main,
All cover'd now with *Neptunes* train.
Heto shew Lady *Coz.* his Port
Had summon'd all t'attend his Court.
First the Promoters of the Sea,
His Sarjeants and his Catch poles, they
Were certain Monsters, th'ugliest Rogues
That ere were seen, upon *Sea-Hogs*.
Whales of all sizes, sorts and shapes,
With noses made like squirts for Claps,
Whence they could spout ye with a vengeance
Whole Rivers, like my Lord Majors Engins.
These *Glaucus* lead, a man of note,
In scallop shel instead of Boat.

And

And all the way he play'd most fine
Upon a Trumpet call'd *Marine*.

Ino's Executor *Palemon*

Rid mounted on a good fat Sammon ;
Old *Triton* second in the Empire,
Rode in a Chariot frindg'd with Sampire :
A Scallop lin'd with mother of Pearl,
Which six large Oysters nimbly whirle

Phorcus the next most eminent
Brought a whole a ragged Regiment
Riding with dirty shirts on Sharkes,
All dammy Boys, and Hect'ring Sparkes ;
Next *Thetis* with her Sallow jowl
Rides monuted on an ambling *Sole* ;
And next to her was *Melite*,
Behind her man upon a Ray.

Fair *Panope* a Virgin still,
Bestrides an o'regrown Mackaril.
Cymodoce brings up the Rear,
Upon a nimble Didapper.

L

Such

Such was the worshipful procession
 Made by the Chiefs of Sea-born Nation :
Aeneas at the weather smiles,
 A smile in length above three miles.
 Men might have seen his heart untroubled]
 Caper Coranto's through his doublet,
 Among the ships there's not a lazy one,
 All by the fore-lock take Occasion ;
 Their sails are full, and Seamen brisk,
 Some go to sleep, and some to *Whisk*,
 The gale works for 'em, while the Ships
 All keeps their course, their Amm'ral keeps
 That steer'd by *Palinure*, a head
 The body of the whole Fleet lead
 Starboard, or Larboard, or No near,
 How e're he steer'd all others steer,
 The Rowers all the Season blest,
 That gave them so much time to rest,
 And all lay down upon the plancks
 To recreate their weary Flanks.

While

While Pilots with their eyes, like Owles,
Look out for Sea-marks, and for shoals,
The rest, without the aid of Poppey,
Or juice of Lettices, so nappy,
So soundly slept, that some men swore
Their very souls were heard to snore,
When, lo, a little Urchin whipster,
A god cal'd, but more like a Tapster,
That by his good will would never waken,
But sleep all day in rusty Bacon,
This demi-god is Deaths one brother,
'Tis well sh'has him, sh'has nere another.
This drowsie Soul drops from the stars,
Dispels the Mist, that hid his Arse,
And thus like a dissembling Knave,
For *Palinure* provides a grave.
Like *Phorbas* clad, quo he, dear Friend
What harm dost thou thy self intend
By watching thus? aside thy care;
And sleep a while, while weather's fair,

And I'll be careful till you wake
 Of Gallies, that no harm they take.
 Follow your Fools advice that please,
 I'll sleep no sleeps, by Gods good grace :
 Who sent you here with this blind story &
 Thus *Palinure* frumpt young *John Dory*.
 This bold young Sophister howe're
 Continued still to buzz in's Ear'.
 He beggd him ore and ore again
 To clear his eyelids, but in vain,
 For *Palinure* he could not coax :
 Friend, quoth he, y'are in the wrong box.
 Is this a time for me to snort,
 Knowing the burden I support.
 How should I answer to be found,
 I fast a sleep, Ships fast a ground?
 My Master, great *Aneas*, sure
 Would give much thanks to *Palinure*.
 A scalded dog the Kitchen bauks,
 So we have had enough of rocks,

The

The little God, but hugeous Devil,
Finding perswasions nere so civil,
Would not prevail, draws out a jelly,
The colour I can hardly tell ye,
With this same oyl, not oyl of Violet,
He rub'd the Temples of the Pilot,
Who, without dreaming o the Fleet,
Falls flat on's bel'y fast a sleep.
When on a sudden part of the steerage,
Not well repair'd or out of meer age.
Whips off, and Pilot, heav'n knows how,
Only that *Virgil* says 'twas so,
Went with a murrain altogether,
A strange mischance in such good weather,
And therefore wise men guess it rather,
(Though bad excuse by *Virgil* made,
Is better than t' have nothing said)
That the old man too much had drank,
And going to sh— fell off a plank.
However 'twas, wak'd with the fall,

He

He vainly to his Mates did call,
For he was drown'd, and mischief done,
Away th' unlucky God doth run.
How e're the Ships steer a right course,
For *Neptunes* promise guides their oars,
Though some conjecture they did well,
Rather by hap, than by good skill.
Tell by and by the Rocks approaching,
Where *Syrrens* live, all day debauching,
Aeneas by good chance lookt out,
And seeing Ships so neer, a rout,
Thought Pilot either drunk or dead,
And that without his present aid,
The Ships would be at six and sev'ns,
He goes to see : but then O Heav'ns !
Th' astonish'd Mortal quickly found,
That *Palinure*, Good man, was drown'd,
The Galleys swom at seven and six,
Like blind men groping without sticks,
And now they gan approach the stones

That

That lookt all white like dead mens bones,
And yet the waves neer shallow shore,
Lay howling day and night for more.
Aneas, whiter than his Cravat,
Saw 'twas nothing for man to laugh at ;
'Twas time i' faith for him to work,
The which he did like any Turk ;
And streight though night, and hard put to't,
Got sea room, and good way to boot ,
He wrought, but could not sing a noar,
Like merry Coblers under stals ;
For grief had spoild his Madrigals ;
But for his Pilot, now a sleep,
A hundred sighs he fetch'd ful deep ;
He puf't, and heav'd, and roard, and snob'd,
To see himself of Pilot rob'd ;
Ah my Dear Friend, his noddle shaking,
That now must sleep for want of waking ,
Whom sleep it self, hath taken napping,
And strangled in the water dropping,

Naked

Naked upon some forreign shore
Thou shalt be cast and seen no more;
Though if no Porpoise eat thee up,
Nor Sturgron on thy carcase sup,
Time may perhaps bring thee to light,
Till then, Dear *Palinure*, good Night,

FINIS.

